



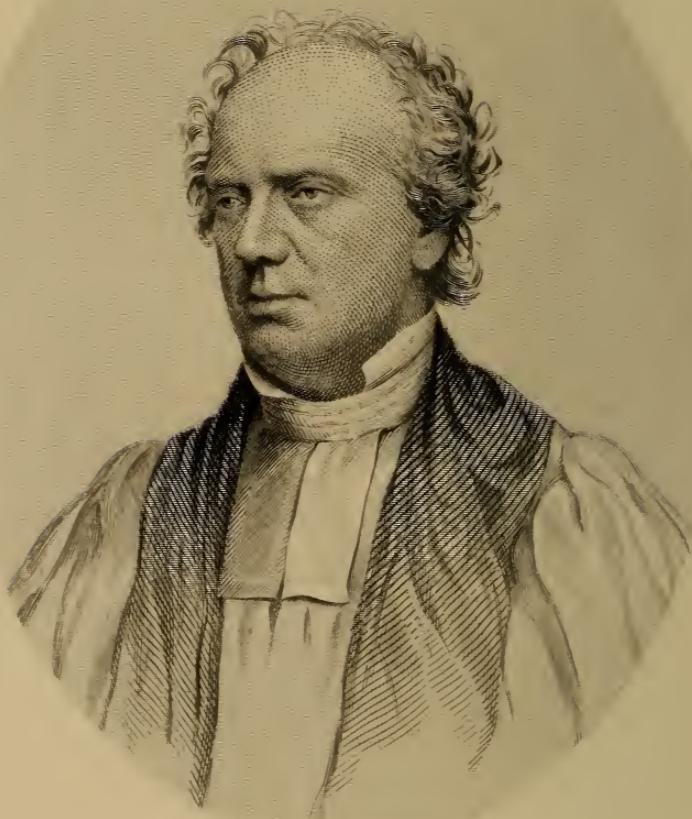
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P O E M S ,

S A C R E D A N D S E C U L A R .

BY THE

REV. WILLIAM CROSWELL, D. D.

E D I T E D , W I T H A M E M O I R ,

BY

A. CLEVELAND COXE.

Tu tamen amisso nonnunquam flebis amico :
Fas est praeteritos semper amare viros.

PROPERT.

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TO

GEORGE CHEYNE SHATTUCK, M. D.,

&c., &c., &c.

This Volume is inscribed,

AS A RECORD

OF THAT FAITHFUL FRIENDSHIP

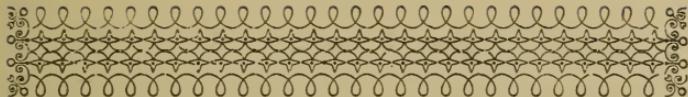
WHICH SO GREATLY CONTRIBUTED TO THE HAPPINESS AND USEFULNESS OF THE LATER YEARS OF

CROSWELL,

AND AS A TOKEN

OF THE EDITOR'S PERSONAL REGARD.





P R E F A C E.

THE Editor of these poems is indebted for the entire collection to the labours and industry of the poet's father, the Rev. Dr. Croswell, late of New Haven. On inquiry, in every quarter which could naturally be looked to, he has been unable to find a single additional verse which he could, with confidence, add to this volume as an original work of its author.

The paternal memoir, too, has supplied the basis for the short biography herewith presented; but it is not the less, on that account, an original sketch of the poet's life and character, made up from personal acquaintance, and from the testimony of common friends.

The task of rearranging, revising, and, in short,

of editing the poems, has nevertheless been one of more care, anxiety, and labour than might seem probable. The responsibility of the editor to the public, and to a departed friend, has often been deeply felt, especially when the claims of the one party have seemed to clash with those of the other. The editor has no doubt that the quality of the volume has been lowered by the retaining of poems which their author would never have permitted to reappear, in a permanent form ; and yet the public might justly censure a mere editor for presuming to omit any known production of one whose every line is dear to somebody. He has, therefore, done his best, with a conscientious regard to the question of duty, always endeavouring to keep before his eye the probable wishes of his friend, so far as he can be conceived of as a party to the republication of poems in which the affection of others has overruled his morbid desire to suppress them.

The chronological order of the poems preserved in the memoir by the poet's father has been entirely changed, as unsuitable to the design of this

volume. In their present form, the poems are to be introduced to entire strangers, if not to another generation; and, as with them the impression to be made must be the product of essential merit only, it has seemed all-important to give them every advantage of arrangement, and to strip them of such purely local and momentary associations, as give to a volume of poetry a poor and provincial aspect. All secondary and accidental matter has been banished from the text, but will be found in the Notes; so that the poetry will speak for itself to those who wish to see the poetry, while personal friends will find the facts which may interest them still kept in the record.

The Sonnets are, in the opinion of the editor, the finest of Dr. Croswell's poems, and the most significant of those real powers which he suppressed and sacrificed to a life of practical duty. They are also capable of being so placed together as to resemble, in some degree, a continuous work. Reserving such as are of local and personal interest, therefore, for the last, and bringing first into notice those which are their own interpreters,

and most likely to awaken universal sympathy, the Sonnets are here presented as the author's choice productions, and in the form of one complete work. The sonnet reserved for the closing one gives a finish to the series, and seems, to the editor, a beautiful, though unconscious portraiture of the poet himself, in his untimely (but not, for himself, premature) demise. It is sufficient to add, that, in the arrangement and collocation of the other poems, similar views of propriety have prevailed over other considerations; and each poem stands just where it does, as the result of much reflection as to its fitting place,—or, in other words, as to the best setting for the display of its special lustre as a gem.

A. C. C.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 9, 1860.





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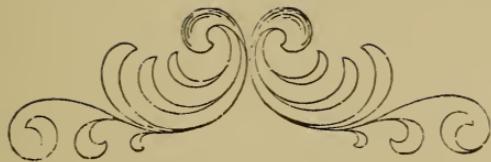
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MEMOIR.





MEMOIR.

GOOD men are not so many among mankind that we can afford to lose the memory of any one who has been eminently pure and lovely. Such men, when they die, bequeath an example to their country and to after times which is more precious than rubies. A saint of God leaves to the Church, when he departs, the lustre of his character. A man of genius who has been as truly humble as he was great, should begin to be known and honoured at least when he is gone where popular praise can no longer offend him. For his reputation is no longer his own ; it is the heritage of his native land, of the schools that reared him, of the friends that loved him, of the world itself that ought to revere him, and of unborn generations that should be taught to imitate him. Such are the reasons which induce me to write a Memoir of an admired and beloved friend, now with God. I owe him a debt of gratitude ; I

rejoice to testify to the widow and the fatherless how sincerely I venerated him whose name they bear; but a sense of duty to the times and to the Church, is my chief motive in calling fresh attention to the name and character of one who is worthy to be had in perpetual remembrance.

WILLIAM CROSWELL was born on the seventh of November, 1804, at Hudson, in the County of Columbia and State of New York. This town shares the name of the old navigator with the river on which it is built, and the eyes of the young poet first opened amid scenes of natural beauty which are not surpassed in America. There the Kaatskills rear their summits in the degree of distance most favorable for the effects of light and shade, and "Cloudland," which he lived to sing so thrillingly, reveals itself nowhere more gloriously of a summer evening than in the immediate neighbourhood of his birthplace. The year of his birth was a memorable one among the kingdoms of the world, but that is of little moment in the history of one whose life was hid with Christ in God.

He was the son of Harry Croswell, Esq., who, not long after his birth, conformed to the Church, took holy orders, and subsequently became an eminent divine in the Diocese of Connecticut, where he lived in honour and usefulness to a venerable age, surviving his son, and becoming his biographer. The mother

of our poet was a lady of respectable family in New Haven, whose maiden-name was Sherman. He was the third of seven children, and was not baptized till he was nine years old, when, with his mother, and the other children then living, he received that sacrament on the 13th of June, 1813. His father was ordained in the month of May of the following year, and on New-Year's Day, 1815, entered upon the Rectorship of Trinity Church, New Haven, where he remained till his death, in 1858. That beautiful little Puritan Capital, which its inhabitants love to call "the City of Elms," and which has since been distinguished for the rapid growth in it of the Church, was the scene of William's boyhood. As New Haven was the seat of Yale College, then the most prominent of our American schools, he was surrounded with influences favourable to the development of those literary tastes which he possessed even in childhood; and the paternal influence, if not his own elevated instincts, were his sufficient safeguard against what was unfavourable in the atmosphere of a narrow sectarianism. The Church in New Haven, under his father's ministry, soon began to attract to its pale many of the best and most refined of the Puritan families, and the vigorous growth of church principles was rather stimulated than depressed by the daily encounter of unreasonable prejudices. It is pleasant to know,

however, that his father's churchmanship, like his own, was so amiably maintained that the kindest feelings always existed between the churchmen of New Haven and their neighbours.

In outline, the story of such a life as Croswell's may be told very briefly. Under the careful tutorage of Mr. Joel Jones, who subsequently rose to the presidency of Girard College, he was prepared for Yale College, which he entered in 1818; an important year in the history of the American Church, if, as the Bishop of Maine has said, it was the first year of marked revival, after the Revolution had paralyzed it. In his college course there seems to have been nothing specially indicative of his superiority, for a constitutional diffidence withheld him at all times from self-assertion, and at times, perhaps, from effort. He was an industrious student and a great reader, especially of the good old authors of our own language. His choice of the sacred calling was not made during his college life, his conscientious feelings of unworthiness maintaining a contest with his natural tastes and inclinations, and for a time overmastering them. He took his Bachelor's degree in 1822, and in 1824 we find him still undecided as to a profession, but finally declining the proposal of an uncle who desired to initiate him into the study of medicine, influenced, in part, by the horrible impressions he had received

at an anatomical lecture illustrated by dissections. “An extreme nervous sensibility and delicacy of feeling,” says his father, “were his abiding characteristics through life;” a remark which must be borne in mind at every stage of his career, by those who would fully comprehend what he did, and what he omitted to do. It will explain, for example, his rigid suppression of his juvenile poems, and the fact that after writing and publicly pronouncing, with great applause, at New Haven, at the request of the civic authorities, a poem of several hundred lines in honour of the national anniversary, he not only refused to let it be published, but destroyed it, with that generous sort of shame which true genius is sure to feel when it receives extravagant commendation.

In 1825 he seems to have made an experiment with law-studies, and it is not till the next year that we find him, having attained his majority, resolved on an earnest Christian life, and on the high calling of a minister of Christ. In the autumn of 1826, he entered the Seminary in Chelsea, which at that time was far removed from the streets of New York, and stood on the very brink of the Hudson. The Gothic architecture, though in a very imperfect form, was then only just introduced among us, and the Seminary building seems to have impressed very favourably the young Ecclesiastic, by its partial likeness to the academic abodes

of the mother country. A deeper impression, however, was produced in his mind and character, by the charge to the clergy of his diocese which Bishop Hobart delivered just at that time, and which young Croswell was so fortunate as to hear. That justly celebrated prelate had just returned from a fruitful visitation of the churches and missionary regions of New York, and his abundant labours, with the energy, fervour, and zeal of which his charge was an embodiment, could not but write themselves in the heart of a pious and enthusiastic candidate for Holy Orders.

To the great regret of the sons of Chelsea, Mr. Croswell did not remain long enough in the Seminary to become their fellow-graduate. His health began to suffer; and after a short time he removed to Hartford, where he pursued his theological studies in the College, and formed that intimate acquaintance with Professor Doane which was destined to leave its mark on the Church, as well as upon himself and his friends. The undertaking of “The Watchman,” in 1827, by these faithful allies was a considerable event in the history of the Church, and deserves more than casual mention.

It must be remembered that the Anglican Church in America had been cut down to its very roots by the Revolution, and that few signs of vigorous up-growth began to appear before this period. Many

things now began to encourage those who had long laboured, apparently in vain, to convince their countrymen of the inestimable value of a historical form of the Gospel, and of a connection through it with the venerable past, with the great body of the Christian family in all ages, and with CHRIST himself, personally, as its author. Bishop Hobart, as the doctrinal champion of the Church, had succeeded in awakening the minds of men to the vast stores of sanctified erudition which had been expended by the divines of England upon the reformation and defence of the Christian religion, and to the contrast afforded by the system of Apostolic orthodoxy, and ritual completeness, when compared with a narrow and discordant Puritanism. The missionary zeal of Bishop Chase was already refuting the inveterate prejudices which had associated the daughter church with the English government, and condemned it, as an exotic, to a short and feeble existence. It was time that she should begin to drop the swaddling-clothes of her colonial nursing, and put on the beautiful garments which rightfully belong to her. The writings of Cooper and Irving had done something to obliterate ill-feeling, and to prepare a new generation to appreciate the exceeding beauty of her liturgy and the simple dignity of her ceremonial. The rise in England of a new literature, reproducing the old and super-

sceding the popular latitudinarianism of the Hanoverian epoch, was marked by the appearance of such publications as the "Christian Year," and the "Rectory of Valehead." A similar work was to be done here; and by the refined and deeply religious character they were able to impart to the "Watchman," the young friends Doane and Croswell become the *lucida sidera* of a brightening day-dawn in the American Church. However unconsciously, there can be no doubt that the whole country received, originally from their editorial labours, more just and enlightened impressions of that great system of religious truth which a feeble provincialism had affected to treat as if it were not identified with the language and the history of our race, and as if it could be less than illustrious in the memory of its long line of worthies in every rank of the laity, and of its great divines and noble martyrs.

In the College at Hartford, Mr. Croswell found himself associated with a number of accomplished gentlemen. Its President was the Bishop of Connecticut, a prelate whose amiable character, adorned by liberal culture, refined tastes, and great practical wisdom, is still conspicuous in the high position, to which his seniority entitles him, of the Presidency of the House of Bishops. Of Mr. Doane, who afterwards became the Bishop of New

Jersey, mention has been already made. Dr. Humphreys, who subsequently presided for many years over St. John's College at Annapolis, was also one of the Professors ; and so was Dr. Potter, now Provisional Bishop of New York. But pre-eminent among these distinguished scholars was Dr. Jarvis, the learned chronologist and sound divine, whose personal dignity and great erudition, combined with the tastes and acquirements imparted by a long residence in foreign countries, gave him, before his death, the reputation of the most accomplished scholar of America. Another ornament of the College was Dr. Wheaton, then Rector of Christ Church, and himself the architect of that noble fabric, which, though now far in the rear of progress in Gothic art, was at the time of its building even farther in advance of everything of the kind in America. Even in England, the Gothic churches of the same date were not greatly superior. To these names of gifted persons, whose society could not but exercise a great influence on the youthful genius of Croswell, might be added those of several eminent laymen, and of a number of ladies of cultivated minds, who contributed largely to the attractions of Hartford. He derived not a little of pleasure and profit from their frequent reunions at the house of Dr. Sumner, a well-read physician, and a man of science, to whose tastes and efforts,

with those of the President, the College owed a fine botanical garden, and that liberal adornment of the grounds with trees and shrubs which has gradually diffused itself through the town, and made Hartford, with its beautiful park, one of the most pleasant cities in the land. For Trinity College he ever retained, therefore, the affection of a son ; and in after years, as I have walked with him in those academic shades, he took pleasure in imparting to me the traditions of the spot, and all his delightful recollections of the past. Once he pointed to a certain window, and said, “That was Doane’s room ! There we used to talk over our books, old and new, and study, and *write rhymes.*” He mentioned the names of several who had since been the authors of graceful verse. “What a Parnassus you made of it !” said I. “Nay, rather,” he answered, “as Dr. Johnson said of Pembroke College, *we were a nest of singing-birds.*”

The friendship which he thus formed with Mr. Doane was a romantic one, and it was destined to be perpetuated, with no considerable abatement, till his death. Under the genial excitement of its earliest enjoyments, the genius of Croswell reached its flowering season. Relieving his beloved associate of the greater part of the editorial burdens, he not only did the drudgery of “The Watchman,” but continued to adorn it with a series of charming

sonnets, hymns, and other poems. Of these perhaps the sweetest are his verses on "The Ordinal," describing minutely his own ordination as a deacon, in his father's church at New Haven, and the feelings inspired by the solemnity. This was in 1828, and soon after Mr. Doane became Rector of Trinity Church in Boston. With the second volume of "The Watchman" closed Mr. Croswell's editorial career, and also his life in Hartford. On the Feast of St. John the Baptist, 1829, he was ordained to the priesthood by the Bishop of Massachusetts, (Dr. Griswold,) and entered on the rectorship of Christ Church, in Boston. To a man of his tastes and sensibilities, there could not have been committed a more attractive charge. It was neither a "fashionable church," nor a post for popular display; still less was it a fat incumbency. He found in it a cure of souls, and that was all he desired: but he was the man of all others to find in the antiquity and other peculiarities of the church a charm which endeared to him, to the end of his days, its very stones and timbers. It was an old colonial fabric, and one of the very few in America which boasted a chime of bells. Its altar-service of silver was the gift of King George the Second in 1733, and the bells were added only ten years later, by friends of the Colonial Church in England. From its tower, the battle of Bunker's Hill had been

watched by the chief men of the Province. Subsequently, Washington had worshipped beneath its roof; and one of the earliest marble busts of the first President adorned its walls. In its vaults reposed the dead; and many authentic stories of the young rector's predecessors were full of interest for him. But these were the mere accidents of his position. No one that knew him ever doubted that he found his deepest satisfaction in feeding Christ's sheep; in going in and out among them, with a holy love for their souls, that governed all his actions; and in the continual prayers which he offered, publicly and privately, for the salvation of all mankind.

The term of two-and-twenty years which he passed in the duties of his sacred office was wholly given to Boston, if we except the brief episode of his residence at Auburn. His junior ministry at Christ Church was concluded soon after his marriage with Miss Tarbell, in 1840; and in 1844 he undertook that work of his maturer mind and heart, the founding of the Church of the Advent. In the service of this church, and ministering at its altar, he died in 1851. It is not the purpose of this Memoir to dwell on the events of his official life; and the few words which can be devoted to it may as well be briefly added here.

As a pastor, few have ever been more exemplary

and devoted than Dr. Croswell. He delighted to find out Christ in His poor; and yet he was always beloved and admired by many among the most refined and affluent. As a preacher he was chaste and fervent in his style, felicitous in his illustrations and expositions of Holy Scripture, and clear and evangelical in his statements of doctrine. If he had not the gifts of the popular orator, and if his excessive modesty often led him to conceal rather than to display his feelings, he was yet (in the judgment of a genuine critic, from whom I have received it) a most instructive and attractive minister of the Word of God. In the ritual of the Church he was careful, but by no means finical or fanciful; and though his delight in music and art were indulged where he thought it edifying, he ever prescribed to himself, as the limit of what he practised and approved, the law of the Church and the custom of the Church of England, in her parochial, Collegiate, and Cathedral Churches. It is to be regretted that the rash judgment of some, who knew him only slightly, subjected him to great suffering and persecution in his latter years, on frivolous grounds. It would be unjust to attribute his trials, however, to any considerable opposition from those of his brethren who are generally styled “Evangelical.” Of these, he ever numbered some as his faithful friends, who loved him for his ardent piety,

and “esteemed him very highly for his work’s sake.” Among the extreme and partisan class of this school only had he any enemies: and them he habitually forgave, as honestly mistaken, regarding them as rather offended with what they imagined him to be, than with what he was.

With all his gentleness and love of children, and condescension to the poor, and humble devotion to the sick and dying, there was often a dignity in his manner which was heroic. I have seen him as playful as a pet lamb; and I have seen him as bold as a lion. And such consideration for others; such charity; such a power of entering into other men’s feelings, excusing their faults, and displaying their better parts, I never knew except in him. Ambition and rivalry he seemed not to understand. He was simply devoted to his work and his place; and therein he was full of love to God, and to his fellow-men. If he was not a saint, and is not now rejoicing in the Paradise of God, I fear few will be saved.

His poems are a transcript of his heart. And in what, that is good and pure and holy, do they not show him to have been deeply interested? He was constitutionally averse to every form of pseudo-philanthropy, and yet, as his poetry shows, no humble labourer, no poor coloured man, no sufferer or sorrower, was too lowly for him to regard with

love for Jesus's sake. The very stairs up which the children of his Sunday school had to climb became as Jacob's ladder to his eyes. He saw glory in everything which has Christ in it. Hence that ardent delight in everything connected with the work of Missions which is conspicuous in so many of his poems. The gathering in of nations to the fold of Jesus is the perpetually recurrent burden of his song.

As he prayed in one of his poems for a death like that of Stephen, it was granted to him, and he "fell asleep," like the first martyr, while he ministered and prayed. On Sunday, the 9th of November, 1851, he baptized an infant at the evening service, and preached to the children, on the "little maid," whose fidelity led to the cure and conversion of Naaman. After this he joined in singing the hymn, and then kneeling down at the rails of the chancel and looking towards the altar, he offered the prayer; but the prayer-book dropped from his hands, and he could not rise to give the benediction. A bloodvessel had broken in his brain. In the white raiment of his priesthood the dying man of God was borne to his vestry, and thence to his home, where soon after (the commendatory prayer having been offered by his aged friend, Dr. Eaton) he resigned his soul to his dear Lord.

When I received the intelligence of this sudden

but sublime departure, I wept as though it had been for an own brother. It was in Paris. I opened a letter, and a cutting from a newspaper dropped out. I read it, and for the moment, it clouded the prospect of my return to my native land. A friend who observed my emotion could hardly be persuaded that I had not been afflicted in my own family. I knew him far less intimately than many of his friends, for I was by many years his junior ; but on no heart had he written more deeply than on mine the record of his pure, unselfish, loving exemplification of what it is to be a Christian.*

To recur to his poetical career, we must go back to Hartford, while as yet the dew of his youth was upon him, and he had not vowed to turn all his thoughts and studies in another way. It was often in the midst of the company (I might say *club*) at Dr. Sumner's, and with a most unpoetical slate in his hand, that he threw off his verses, as it were *impromptu*, under the inspiration of converse with his friends, and of the subjects on which they were taking sweet counsel together.

* So much I must be permitted to say of our friendship: I have felt the difficulty of making further mention of it,—

“ As shrinking still, lest in his praise I should myself commend,
So high in merit he, and I so very dear a friend.”

Such are his own lines on the death of Winslow.

In general society he was a very different character. The poetical temperament is naturally shy and reserved ; for it is always viewing things in lights invisible to ignoble minds, and it learns from early childhood that it can expect no sympathy from the multitude, in feelings and impressions which are instinctive with it. That vulgar assurance with which men of inferior grades of talent often throw themselves into life and society, and exhibit all that they have and are, without restraint, is taking with the masses : they make way before it, and give to such men the key of mastery and success. A man of Croswell's temperament must have an extraordinary force of character to achieve success at all ; and when such a man comes forward and attempts something bold and self-asserting, it is with a sort of self-sacrifice, of which the common mind has no idea. The young poet was often accused of reserve ; and, of course, this was imputed to pride, and to other motives, of which he was equally unconscious and incapable, and his feelings on one occasion found vent in a few apologetic lines, which he tacked on to the well-known sonnet of Sidney :—

“ Because I oft, in dark, abstracted guise,
Seem most alone in greatest company,” etc.

His own lines are as follows :—

'But one worse weakness I must needs confess,—
That deep embarrassment which doth, alas!
Both mental powers and bodily oppress:
Hence rises my *reserve*, and not from willingness.'

He adds, in a playful note: "For the first ten lines of this exculpatory sonnet, I am indebted to that paragon of euphuists, worthy of all titles, both of learning and chivalry, Sir Philip Sidney; for the remainder he is not responsible, nor for any violation of the first canon of Horace, *de arte poetica*, which may be involved in them."

In arranging his sonnets, the reader will find that I have given them the form of an apple, with the seeds in the centre. I mean that I have reduced them to something like unity and rotundity, and that I have avoided the exhibition of their *newspaper* form. They are strung together, as it were, on the thread of the Christian year, beginning with the sonnet on "Winter," which coincides with the season of Advent. The fine sonnet, "On beginning the *Watchman*," is nevertheless the first in order of time and of argument, if I may so speak; and nobody, in reading it, can fail to observe with what a high sense of doing a work for GOD the poet entered upon that undertaking. It is not wonderful, considering this devout start, that his short labours in it were crowned with such remarkable success. "Could it have been better,

or different," says Bishop Doane, "if he had been premonished of his course through life, or if he had written it on the day on which his life was closed?"

What I have likened to the *seeds* of the work is that triplet of sonnets in which there is made a transition from those appropriate to the Christian seasons, to others of a more general sort. "The Prayer" is introduced at the beginning of this second part, and the first is concluded by "The Valedictory." The "Palinode" is the link that unites the two; and this arrangement has enabled me to conclude the whole with that noble sonnet, in which the poet's own early but sublime death seems to be foreshadowed.

But the history of the "Palinode" is worthy of especial mention. In the valedictory sonnet published in the "Watchman," he prematurely renounced the poetical vocation, and blamed himself for having ventured to employ the name of "Asaph" in the production of uninspired compositions. This called forth from his friend Mrs. Sigourney the following remonstrance: —

TO ASAPH.

OCCASIONED BY HIS VALEDICTORY SONNET.

O, not *farewell*, deft ruler of the lyre;
Sweet singer of our Israel, *not farewell*;
Thou, early called amid the temple choir,
The glad, high praises of our God to swell;

Levite and priest, who Zion's anthem led,
Had trembled if their solemn string were mute,
If the soul's pulse of melody were dead,
Or hushed the breathings of Jehovah's lute:
Wouldst *thou* forego the baptism of the skies?
Down at the altar's foot thy censer cast?
Hide in the earth a gift that seraphs prize,
Yet *faithful* hope to be pronounced at last?
Minstrel, return! Resume the hallowed strain;
Repent thee of thy sin, and woo Heaven's harp again.

In a succeeding sonnet, he gallantly withdraws from any contest with such an authority, and returns to his poetical tasks without gainsaying, prefixing, from a popular poet, the lines:—

“Lady, for thee to speak and be obeyed
Are one.”

If this was a genuine retreat and recall, the Church is not a little indebted to her who so happily persuaded him not to neglect the gift that was in him. And that it was genuine I have no doubt at all. Never did any one more scrupulously avoid all unreality and affectation, though, indeed, his nature enabled him to do so without effort. I have little doubt that the applause which he received pained him, in view of his own estimation of his writings. He had an ideal before him, to which his artless rhymes did little justice, and the self-dispraise which was always the echo of the

praise of others disgusted him with the attempt. Nothing but the conviction that he was really doing good and giving enjoyment could stimulate him to fresh efforts, and this conviction was wrought by those earnest remonstrances of which Mrs. Sigourney's was but the exponent. In preparing these sonnets and the other poems of Dr. Croswell for the press, I have borne to do the part of an editor, in correcting them, except only in those extreme cases where momentary negligence has allowed them to appear with obvious grammatical blemishes, or errors equivalent. In these rare instances I have gently touched the work, from a conviction that, without such emendations, they would in no wise have been permitted to appear, in a permanent volume, by the poet himself. The sonnets only seem to have been wrought up to a high finish, and many of these are exquisite mosaics, which appear to me incapable of being improved.

But let nobody censure Dr. Croswell for any of the defects of these poems, without remembering that a sort of friendly violence has been practised upon him in making this collection. He was himself aware of his singular disposition to quote from others in his own verse, and sometimes unconsciously to give a new turn of thought to familiar forms of expression borrowed from the old poets. He has been known to say, "I can hardly tell

whether this is my own, or whether I have merely versified what has been ringing in my head as the echo of somebody else's voice." The nervous temperament of the poet is singularly predisposed to produce syncope, and I have often seen Croswell in such moods as Walton ascribes to Sir Henry Wotton, when "a holy lethargy did surprise his memory." In new scenes or excitements he was subject to these reveries, in which the very effort to collect himself bred a momentary confusion, and robbed him of what he best understood. His stern sense of duty, however, and his love of truthfulness, enabled him to triumph over this infirmity in all matters of business; and it is a proof of his strength of mind, that, natural as it would have been to him to yield himself to literary self-indulgence and all the waywardness of genius, he yet overcame it by stern principle, and never gave his friends the least reason to lament any indifference to effort, save only in this matter of verse-making. It will without a doubt be observed, that when he borrows his thoughts or expressions, he almost always sets the gem anew, or gives it a new and felicitous development:—

"Exiit ad cælum ramis felicibus arbos,
Miraturque novas frondes et non sua poma."

It is in the light, ballad verse that what is specially his own comes out most vividly. In the

verses on “The Ordinal” we have one of the most striking pictures that words can give of the scene at an ordination of deacons; but it is also full of the man,—of William Croswell, in his young, fervent, simple-hearted piety, devoting himself to Christ, and binding his heart as a sacrifice to the horns of the altar. So, in the verses on “Christmas,” the fragrance of the hemlock, with which Trinity Church in New Haven is usually decorated, and the precise effect of the wintry light through the frosted panes and the green foliage, are translated into the verse with great descriptive power; yet the deep tone of feeling which these beauties of the holy place ought to produce comes out also as the real matter of the poet’s delight, and we have not only what should be their effect, but just what was their effect, in his pious soul. A similar reality is to be observed in a very different poem (in some respects his best production),—that on “The Synagogue.” No one who has ever been present at the Jewish worship can fail to remark how *stereoscopic* is the view given, in Croswell’s verses, of the instructive scene:—

“It is the holy Sabbath eve; the solitary light
Sheds, mingled with the hues of day, a lustre nothing
bright;
On swarthy brow and piercing glance it falls with sad-
dening tinge,
And dimly gilds the Pharisee’s phylacteries and fringe.”

How truly the touch of genius is here ! It is the very colouring and *chiar'oscuro* of Rembrandt ; and yet we have something more in the felicity of expression, which at once translates into Hebrew, as it were, the thoughts and emotions of the moment. It reproduces the Oriental climate, and for a time the homely Jew of St. Giles' is "the Pharisee," and the mere scarf to which his gorgeous raiment has dwindled down is invested with the beauty and propriety of full Mosaic attire. The opening of the Ark, or receptacle of the Law ; the display of the holy books in their decorated coverings ; and then the reading of "the backward letters" by the minister,— how perfectly it is presented in the spirit of the Jew himself ! Yet Crosswell could not be a Jew even in poetic dream. There are other poets who might have written these verses so far ; but the rest is our poet, just as he was, looking on, with a yearning heart, and praying for the consolation of Israel :—

" And fervently that hour I prayed, that, from the mighty scroll,
Its light in burning characters might break on every soul ;
That on their hardened hearts the veil might be no
longer dark,
But be forever rent in twain, like that before the Ark."

Observe, also, in the concluding stanza, how the spirit of the Gospel triumphs over the Jew in

fervent charity only, and exults in the prospect of his conversion ! The theological critic only will be able to perceive the great power which resides in the combinations of the last two lines,—Messiah with Jesus Christ, but above all, JEHOVAH with the *Nazarene* ! The “nameless name” of Jehovah — a word so sacred that the Jew would not speak it — coupled with that of “the Nazarene,” in which he concentrated all that he most hated, despised, and loathed !

“For yet the tenfold film shall fall, O Judah ! from thy sight,
And every eye be purged to read thy testimonies right,
When thou with all Messiah’s signs, in Christ distinctly
seen,
Shalt, by Jehovah’s nameless name, invoke the Nazarene.”

He once said to me, when I asked him where he got that peculiar ballad tune of his, which runs one line into another with only the slightest pause on the rhyme : “O, that’s a mere echo of Tom Moore ; I suspect it came from,—

‘The bird let loose in Eastern skies,’
or some such elevated ditty,” at which he pleasantly smiled. He never would admit that he had much poetry in him. “At any rate,” said he, “I never yet could find that vein of *unwritten poetry* of which the good Bishop of New Jersey accuses me.” Yet he owned to me, on one occasion (when

we were reading some really good poetry he had just received in an English publication), that he had himself felt what I could not but exclaim, as I read it: "Why, Croswell, this man has got not only your thoughts, but your own special harmony of words and jingle of rhymes!" He never said much on the subject; but he once confessed to me how much he longed to write some poems for children, of which he felt himself capable. He liked best what he had written with least trouble, and he had a fondness for the brevity and abruptness of some of his verses. When on a journey with him, I reminded him of his "Traveller's Hymn," which I had seen but could not remember; and he told me, if I recollect aright, that it was a sort of *Impromptu*, which bubbled up when he was going with Dr. Wainwright from Boston to New York, to attend the General Convention. Some one had said, "there should be more of it," which amused him, for he thought long and wordy talk was the plague of the nation. "A fellow once called on me," he added, "to get the rest of two little poems, of which he would not believe a few verses could be all, for he seemed never to have seen a song of only two stanzas." These poems which were too short to be satisfactory were those on "St. Stephen" and "Christmas." Their brevity was their merit, in Croswell's judgment. He often

laughed good-humouredly at one who *persisted* in manufacturing poetry by the yard.

But it will not be necessary to anticipate the intelligent reader in his own comments on these works. I would only add, that where Dr. Croswell is occasionally *satirical*, it is simply *playfulness* indulging itself in *truthfulness*; it is never bitterness nor envy, nor hatred nor malice. The exquisite sense of the ridiculous by which he was distinguished, and his delicate sense of the absurdity of many things in which the half-educated mind and heart find contentment, if not delight, were ever prompting him to expressions of keenest wit and sarcasm. But it was the mere sarcasm of taste and feeling; never that of ill-will. A heart more universally warmed towards his kind, in every station and degree, and more capable of overlooking everything in a human being, for Christ's sake, I have never found.

Had Dr. Croswell, instead of devoting his life to the service of souls, given all his thought to the development of his poetical gifts, no competent judge who knew him can doubt that he would have left to his country, if not a great, yet a famous and an enduring name. As it is, he deserves to be remembered, without reference to other claims, for his poetry alone, and by it; for if it be not the critic's poetry, it is yet the Christian's, and

in the holy keeping of the Faithful it will be preserved without effort, for it will live in many hearts.

He was a poet by every token that belongs to the character of one inspired by the Muse. No unhealthy, raving, maniacal utterer of nonsense tagged with rhyme, only occasionally rising into a higher than his natural elevation of sentiment, and mingling his unwisdom with words of feeling and of truth,— no such creature of imitation and affectation was he ! His genius was real, because it was healthful, unstudied, unlaboured, often put away by effort, but never put on. It was said, with the greatest truthfulness, by the friend who best knew him, that “his poetry was practical. It was the way-flower of his daily life,— its violet, its cowslip, its pansy. It sprang up where he walked. You could not get a letter from him,— though made up of the details of business, or the household trifles of his hearth,— that some sweet thought, as natural as it was beautiful, would not bubble up above the surface with prismatic hues.” Such springs of thought and genuine feeling were ever welling forth in his talk; though, when he became conscious of it, or observed that he was exciting surprise and pleasure, he would often blush and check himself. This was the “unwritten poetry” which Bishop Doane ascribed to him. Had he only brought forth this ore, refined and coined it, how rich his poetical works would have been !

But he cared not for the name or fame of a poet, and hence he elaborated nothing. All that he has left us is only to be regarded as virtually *improvisation*. What he would have said, in conversation occasionally took rhyme and measure, and occasionally he would write it down. In all his poetry we have the photograph of some genuine emotion, or some real incident, which happened to be caught while it was shaping itself into the melody which was its native form in the mind of the poet. If a critic should say “we have nothing finished in these poems,” it would be not altogether untrue. It is because they were never intended to be poems,—they are the author’s thoughts as they were conceived. He thought in rhythmical sentences: and when he had set down such thoughts, there he left them. An artist would have worked them up into a marketable shape; but though Croswell was a poet, the “art of poetry” was not his trade.

The reason of this was that he found in his sacred calling that which satisfied every feeling and absorbed all his thoughts and energies. The living poetry of the Church’s sublime system,—its inspired doctrines, its orderly structure, its majestic Liturgy and Ritual, the music of its hymns and anthems, the flowers of its festivals; yea, and the homely attractiveness of its charities; its pathway among the poor, the sorrowing, the sick and the

dying ; its holy ministries to the dead, — these were the things in which his life found satisfaction without satiety. He loved alike the simplicity and the beauty of the Anglican Church. He believed it to be the undiluted native Christianity of apostles and martyrs ; he saw in it the New Testament practically carried out. Its naked charms were the object of his unswerving love ; he wished neither more nor less than what he regarded as hers. Hence, it was beautiful to see with what unquestioning sincerity he took every intimation of the rubric as meaning precisely what it said, and not to be explained away. His Mother's voice was to him the best interpreter of his Father's will. That he was fulfilling his priesthood was consolation enough, while he spent the torrid summer months in Boston, and went to and fro among the poor, almost all others having left the city. He was remonstrated with for his self-sacrificing labours. "Yes!" he answered, "but the poor need me, and when I find myself left in Boston, to minister to the sick, and bury the dead, I love to feel that I can represent the pastoral care of the Church among those who are estranged from her ; and I assure you, it is a rich reward to walk at the head of the meanest funeral in the garments of her ministry."

The poems of such a man are not poems, then, in the ordinary sense of the word. They are not the

productions of literary canons, and of one zealous to deserve well of critics. In the estimation of such as would judge them on purely critical rules, however, they could not fail of a much higher rank than has been often attained by religious poetry, in America. There is very little resemblance to George Herbert in the structure of Croswell's poems. In fact, considering the great similarity between the two characters, and the matter of their thoughts and affections, the two are as unlike in their poetry as the seventeenth century is unlike the nineteenth, or as England is unlike New England. And yet, in what Coleridge says of the one, I would speak of the other, only excepting the mention of *classical tastes*, which are not so requisite for the appreciation of Croswell. "He is a true poet, but a poet *sui generis*," says Coleridge, "the merits of whose poems will never be felt without a sympathy with the mind and character of the man. To appreciate him, it is not enough that the reader possesses a cultivated judgment, classical taste, or even poetic sensibility, unless he be likewise a *Christian*, and both a zealous and an orthodox, both a devout and a *devotional* Christian. But even this will not quite suffice. He must be an affectionate and dutiful child of the Church, and (from habit, conviction, and a constitutional predisposition to ceremoniousness, in piety as in manners) find her forms and or-

dinances aids of religion, not sources of formality ; for religion is the element in which he lives, and the region in which he moves." Coleridge adds a very just remark, which it would be well for Crosswell's readers to bear in mind. He says that what the Puritans regarded as *papistic* in the Churchmen of the Stuart period, was rather *patristic*. Their habits of mind were bred of that primitive apostolicity, which, though wholly unlike the religion of the Puritans, resembles Popery only as gold is like brass, or like touchwood that is covered with tinsel.

Horace expected to be remembered so long as the rites of his religion should be perpetuated on the Capitol. I believe these poems of my venerated friend will survive while a single priest ministers, in white raiment, at the altars of the Church, and so long as her Faithful wait on the solemn services of the Christian Year, from Advent to Advent. If ever those sublime offices shall come to an end in our land, it would be a glorious thing to let one's memorial perish with them ; but since there is nothing so imperishable as the Church of the Living God, I believe that, as he was content to consecrate his genius to her service, his writings will partake of her immortality.

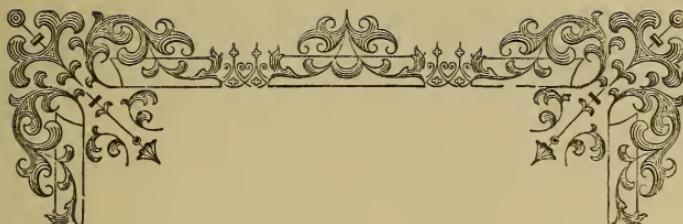
A. C. C.

Baltimore, 1860.



SONNETS.

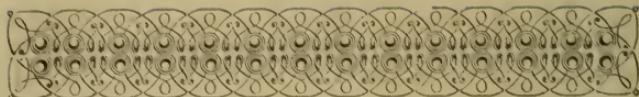




I.

WINTER.

THE moon and stars light up their wintry fire ;
And, kindling with a lustre more intense,
As if to quell the frosty influence
Which wraps the world in its unstained attire,
They draw our spirits heavenward to admire.
Nor them alone. For in the marbled sky
Ten thousand little snow-white cloudlets lie,
In fleecy clusters ranged from east to west,
Which meet the toil-worn swain's exalted eye,
As when he sees upon the upland's breast
His own unspotted flock at silent rest,
With all their new-born mountain lambkins by,
And to his meditative mind recall
The mighty Shepherd that o'erlooks them all.



II.

CHRISTMAS.

O, HASTE the rites of that *auspicious day*,
When white-robed altars, wreathed in living green,
Adorn the temples,^a and, half hid, half seen,
The priest and people emulously pay
Glad homage, with the festal chants between ;
And, aisles and arches echoing back the strain,
The sylvan tapestry around is stirred ;
And voices sweeter than the song of bird
Are resonant within the leafy fane.
If, in the fadeless foliage gathered there,
Pale Nature has so bright an offering,
Where all beside is withered, waste, and bare,
What lively tribute should our spirits bring
To beautify, O Lord, thy holy place of prayer ?

^a Hillhouse's *Vision of Judgment*.



III.

SAINT JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

“The disciple whom Jesus loved.”
Gospel for the Day.

O HIGHLY favoured, unto whom 't was given
To lay thy hand upon the golden keys
That ope th' empyrean mysteries,
And all the bright apocalypse of heaven !
Sweet solace of thy sorrowing soul, when driven
 Into its island banishment alone.
Thy rapturous spirit has been long at rest,
 Partaker of the glories then foreshown,
 And knowing even as thy thoughts were known.
And if to bide His baptism be the test,
 And drink the cup peculiarly His own,
Then thou hast gained thy mother's fond request,
 And, stationed near the everlasting throne,
Shalt lean once more upon thy Saviour's breast.



IV.

THE SEVEN CHURCHES.

How doth each city solitary sit
That once was full of people ! Round his path
The Christian pilgrim finds remaining yet
The fearful records of accomplished wrath.
The glory of God's house departed hath ;
The golden candlestick cannot emit
One glimmering ray, however faint and dim ;
There is no consecrated oil to trim
Th' extinguished flame which once the Spirit lit.
Alas ! that he who hath an ear to hear
The teaching of that Spirit, can forget
These dread fulfilments of prophetic writ,
Nor lay them to his stricken heart, in fear
Lest he thus hear, and thus abandon it.



V.

EPIPHANY.

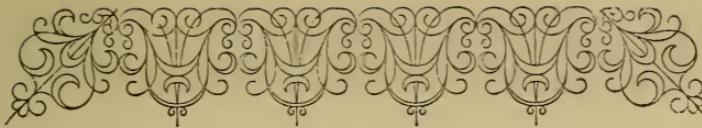
Joy to thy savage realms, O Africa !
A sign is on thee that the great I AM
Shall work new wonders in the land of Ham ;
And while he tarries for the glorious day
To bring again his people, there shall be
A remnant left, from Cushan to the sea.
And though the Ethiop cannot change his skin,
Or bleach the outward stain, he yet shall roll
The darkness off that overshades the soul,
And wash away the deeper dyes of sin.
Princes, submissive to the Gospel sway,
Shall come from Egypt ; and the Morian's land
In holy transport stretch to God its hand :
Joy to thy savage realms, O Africa !



V I.

THE FAR WEST.

In the recesses of the western wood,
In to its very heart,—by all forgot
Save Him who made me,—would it were my lot
To bear the burden of its solitude ;
And in some wild and unfrequented spot,
Sharing the Indian hunter's cabin rude,
To lead, in glad return, a willing guide,
His humbled spirit to the Crucified ;
And in the solemn twilight, hushed and dim,
The forest people often gathering,
To make the green and pillared arches ring,
Not with the war-song, but the holy hymn.
So might I live, and leave no other trace
Where I had made my earthly dwelling-place.



VII.

CRETE.

ANCIENT of years, the hundred-cited isle !

Still art thou left a goodly sight to see ;

To breathe thine air is still a luxury,

And man alone, of all around, is vile, —

Viler than e'en thy first-born Caphtorim.^a

When shalt thou be once more as thou hast been ?

When shall thy navied strength resistless swim,
And make thee, Britain-like, an ocean queen ?

When, rising from the dust, shalt thou be seen

A nursing mother to the Church again,
And when, alas ! another Titus come

To rear the fallen Cross, nor reordain
In all thy cities priestly men in vain,
But leave thy name a praise in Christendom ?

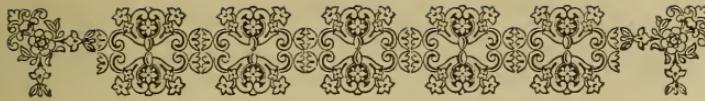
^a Amos ix. 7.



VIII.

LENT.

THE holy Lenten time is now far spent ;
And from the muffled altars, everywhere,
Full many a warning voice has bid prepare
The Lord's highway, and cried aloud, Repent !
And be your hearts, and not your garments, rent ;
And turn unto the Lord your God with prayer.
Not, as aforetime, are the contrite sent
To sackcloth, ashes, and the shirt of hair,
Or knotted thong ; but consciences laid bare,
And lowly minds, and knees in secret bent,
And fasts in spirit, mark the penitent.
Let not the broken-hearted, then, despair ;
The sighs of those who worthily lament
Their sins, reach Heaven, and are accepted there.



IX.

CHRIST BEARING THE CROSS.

SUGGESTED BY A PAINTING.

IF thou wouldest fortify thy young belief,
Christian disciple, read with anxious look
The pictured comment on the holy book,
That tells the sufferings of thy chosen Chief,
Nor let the look be single, neither brief :
 That tortured eye, and countenance so meek,
 So mild, and yet majestical, bespeak
The Man of Sorrows, intimate with grief.
From Him learn how divinity could lend
A dignity to suffering, nor disdain
Art's utmost effort in one face to blend
Immortal fortitude with mortal pain ;
And let not faith despise the aid of sense,
Nor spurn the pencil's mute omnipotence.



X.

TO THE HEPATICA TRILOBA,

FOUND IN MARCH.

WHY liftest thou, so premature, thy head
Amid the withered waste, pale flower? Say, why
Dost thou, alone and desolate, defy
The year, yet unconfirmed, while there is shed
No wholesome dew upon thy leaf-strewn bed,
All choked and matted; but the frost-wind's sigh
Is heard, at eve, thy chill slope rustling by?
Hast thou forgot thy time, or dost thou spread
Thy sweet leaves to the air, and smiling wave
'Mid blasted verdure, like the garland shed
By fond affection o'er the early grave,
To breathe its bloom around the youthful dead?
Short be *their* sleep in dust as thine, fair flower!
So wake to life and joy when past their wintry hour!



XI.

EASTER.

ONCE more thou comest, O delicious Spring !
And as thy light and gentle footsteps tread
Among earth's glories, desolate and dead,
Breathest revival over everything.
Thy genial spirit is abroad to bring
The cold and faded into life and bloom,
Emblem of that which shall unlock the tomb,
And take away the fell destroyer's sting.
Therefore thou hast the warmer welcoming :
For Nature speaks not of herself alone,
But in her resurrection tells our own.
As from its grave comes forth the buried grain,
So man's frail body, in corruption sown,
In incorruption shall be raised again.



XII.

INFANT BAPTISM.

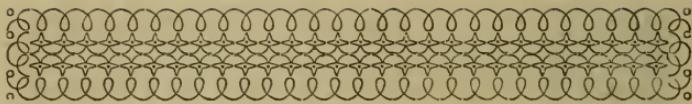
How heavenly an inheritance is thine,
Sweet babe ! whom yon baptismal group present,
Now that the consecrating element
Hath bathed thy forehead, and the crucial sign
Is as a frontlet bound between the eyne,
In token that hereafter thou shalt be
A faithful soldier in the cause divine,
And, in thy triple warfare, manfully
Beneath the banner of the Cross shalt fight.
If Christ himself so tenderly invite
The little children to his heavenly fold,
They mock his ordinance, and do despite
Unto his high behest, who dare withhold
Or yet delay the pure, regenerating rite.



XIII.

CONFIRMATION.

THE white-stoled Bishop stood amid the crowd,
Novitiates all, who, tutored to revere
The mitre's holy offices, drew near,
And, after sins renounced and pledges vowed,
Pale with emotion and religious fear,
In meek subjection, round the chancel, bowed
To hallowed hands, that o'er them, one by one,
Fell with a Prelate's thrilling benison.
Thou, who canst make the loadstone's touch impart
An active virtue to the tempered steel,
O, let *Thy* hand rest on them, till they feel
A new-born impulse stirring in the heart,
And, swinging from surrounding objects free,
Point with a tremulous confidence to Thee.



XIV.

THE KNOT.

HOLY and happy be the wedded pair,
Who, typifying here the solemn rite
To which the Bridegroom and His Church invite
The good in heaven hereafter, hope to share
The glories of His great espousal there.
They, when He cometh at the dead of night
In triumph with the Spirit and the Bride,
Shall go to meet Him, with their odorous light
Well trimmed and burning steadily and bright,
And entering in together, side by side,
In wedding garments robed of purest white,
With crowns of gold, and waving boughs of palm,
Sit down among the hosts beatified,
Guests at the marriage supper of the Lamb.



XV.

COMMUNION OF THE SICK.

KEBLE'S POEM IN ANOTHER VERSION.

A SIMPLE altar stood beside the bed,
With plate, and chalice, and fair linen vest,
For that communion high and holy spread :

We ate and drank, and then, serenely blest,
All mourners, one with calmly parting breath,
We talked together of the Saviour's death.

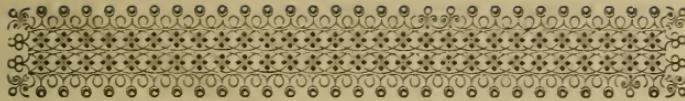
O gentle spirit, from thy sainted rest
Look down upon us who must yet remain,
With whom thou shared the hallowed cup of grace,
And so soon parted ; thou to Christ's embrace,
We to the world's drear loneliness again ;
Come, and remind us of the heavenly strain
We practised as thou passed through Eden's door,
To be sung on, with angels evermore.



XVI.

THE KNELL.

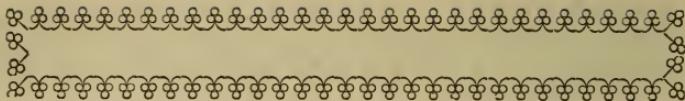
NOT e'en thy heavenly and harmonious swell,
Calling to Sabbath worship with a sound
From tower to tower reverberated round,
Can with my spirit harmonize so well
As that sad requiem, melancholy bell !
Which with unvaried cadence, stern and dull,
Tolls for the burial of the beautiful.
There is a potent and a thrilling spell
In every solitary stroke, to start
Long-cherished thoughts from memory's inmost cell,
And deep affections; while each warning tone
That rests, 'mid solemn pauses far apart,
Like drops of water dripping on a stone,
Cheerless and ceaseless, wears into the heart.



XVII.

SAINT JAMES THE APOSTLE.

WHEN Herod had put forth his hand in hate
To vex the Church, and thy heart's blood was pour'd
Beneath the tyrant's persecuting sword,
First of the chosen twelve, 't is said thy fate
So wrought on thine accuser, that, o'ercome
By thine example, and by grace subdued,
He came, with voluntary fortitude,
To share the torture of thy martyrdom,
And thus pronounce his conscience satisfied.
Cheering each other onward, side by side,
Together went betrayer and betrayed,
And on the self-same block their heads were laid ;
And while their blood the self-same scaffold dyed,
The self-same faith unshrinkingly displayed.



XVIII.

SAINT BARTHOLOMEW.

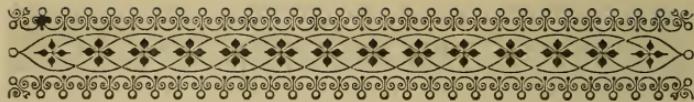
THOUGH it were eminence enough to be
Enrolled among the apostolic few,
Who, at their Master's call, devotedly
Went forth his self-denying work to do,
This is not all *thy* praise, Bartholomew ;
Thou for such fellowship wast set apart
By One who saw thee from afar, and knew
Thy spirit undefiled and void of art.
And still the portrait which thy Saviour drew
Bears record to thy singleness of heart.
For wide as Gospel tidings have been spread
Throughout all tongues, o'er continent and isle,
Shall this memorial to thy worth be read,—
An Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile.



XIX.

SAINT MATTHEW.

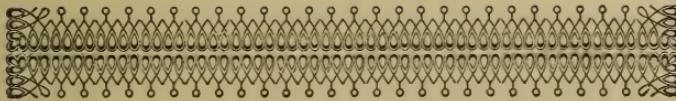
RENOUNCING a vocation so abhorred,
Uncertain riches and the lust of gain,
How blest it were, commanded by the Lord,
While yet he passes by, to join his train,
And, taking up his cross, to walk like thee !
Nor be the power of those examples vain
Which thine own sacred registries record ;
But, written for our learning, may they be
Read, marked, discerned, digested inwardly,
Until we see the path of duty plain,
Embrace the truth, and ever hold it fast,
And pressing onward, daily self-surpassed,
By comfort of that holy word, attain
The same eternal promises at last.



XX.

MICHAELMAS.

LIFT up your heads, ye everlasting gates !
While, with our brethren of the crystal sky,
God's glorious name we laud and magnify.
Angels, Archangels, Powers, and Potentates,
Dominions, Thrones, and thou, pre-eminent,
Among the leaders of the orders bright,
Who beat in battle from the starry height
Th' apostate spirit down his dread descent.
With these, O Michael, the redeemed unite
In that triumphant and eternal hymn,
Which, passing to each other, Cherubim
And Seraphim continually do cry :
Holy, thrice holy, Lord of love and light !
All glory be to thee, O God most high !



XXI.

SAINT LUKE.

BLESSED Physician ! from thy ancient scroll
Can we not draw some wholesome medicine
To heal the heart that sickens with its sin,
And cure the deep distemper of the soul ?
Is there no balm in Gilead, to make whole
The bruised and broken spirit, and within
The bleeding bosom stanch the wound, and win
The stubborn malady to its control ?
Blessed Physician ! happy is thy dole,
Whose praise hath in the Gospel ever been ;
For thou wast *His* disciple who could bring
Help to the helpless on their bed of pain,
And from the gates of double death again
Restore the hopeless in their languishing.



XXII.

FOXE'S BOOK OF MARTYRS.

I WELL remember, from my earliest age,
How, with a yearning heart, I loved to look,
Old Chronicler, upon thy pictured page,
That lent a glory to thy Martyrs' Book ;
And as I saw the patient sufferers there,
Like the three children in the furnace flame,
Without a smell of fire, unsinged their hair,
From year to year unaltered and the same,
I thought that even martyrdom was light,
And counted them as happy who endured
A fire no fiercer than it seemed to sight,
Of God's good will eternally secured !
Thus do we look on sufferings yet untried,
Which man can only bear, when Heaven is on his
side !

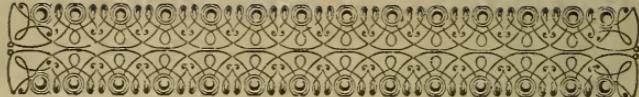


XXIII.

VALEDICTORY.

ON CLOSING A SERIES OF POEMS SIGNED "ASAPH."

WHY have I dared to wake the sacred string,
Silent for ages, fearing not to hold
High harping with that glorious bard of old,
The chief musician to the minstrel king ?
Alas ! that e'er presumptuous hand should bring
Dishonour on that borrowed name, or wrong
The leader in the service of the song.
Though fain to make his loud Shoshannim ring
In concert with the consecrated throng, —
Who in their solemn courses, all life long,
Kept Zion's courts resounding with its swell, —
So faint and fitful are the sounds I fling,
My soul recoils lest they profane the shell ;
Farewell, then, hallowed harp ! forever fare thee
well !



XXIV.

PALINODE.

“LADY, FOR THEE TO SPEAK, AND BE OBEYED,
ARE ONE.”

WHILE I, adventurous all too long, retire,
Expecting scarcely pardon, much less praise,
The unstrung chords what sweeping spirit sways ?
What sudden murmurings from the abandoned lyre
Pass on the breeze, and, as they pass, expire ?
O, could my disproportioned powers retain,
Forever treasured up, that cherished tone,
And blend, yet not abase it, with my own,
Its sweet reproaches had not been in vain ;
Yea, could I, kindled with a kindred fire,
But hope to catch the echoings of that voice
Which bids my harp renew its feeble strain,
How would my bounding bosom then rejoice,
Nor breathe distrust of God’s good gifts again !

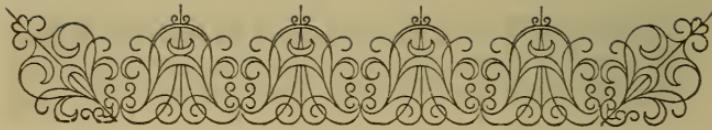


XXV.

A PRAYER,

ON BEGINNING A PERIODICAL NAMED "THE WATCHMAN."

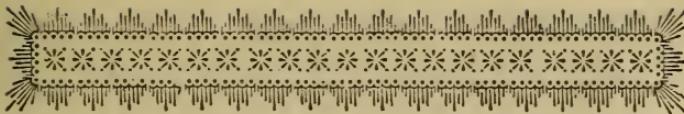
O THOU, whom slumber reacheth not, nor sleep,
The guardian God of Zion, in whose sight
A thousand years pass like a watch at night,
Her battlements and high munitions keep,
Or else the WATCHMAN waketh but in vain.
Him, in his station newly set, make strong,
And, in his vigils, vigilant; sustain
His overwearied spirit, in its long
And lonely round from eve till matin-song;
And of Thy charge remind him, *Watch and pray*.
So, whether coming at the midnight bell,
Or at cock-crowing, or at break of day,
Thou find him faithful, and say, *All is well*,
How rich is the reward of that true sentinel!



X X V I.

TRINITY COLLEGE, HARTFORD.

*In after days shall come heroic youth,
Warm from the school of glory : With a pride
I quote thy high prediction, Akenside,
In joyous hope to realize its truth,
Ere envious Time print his undainty tooth
Upon these sombre walls ; which then descried
'Mid groves that half develope and half hide,
Shall haply stay some loiterer by the flow
Of Hart's sweet waves, that gladden as they glide
By wooded steep, green bank, and margin low,
Till o'er his soul float up in classic dream
The long-lost image of the Portico,
The Sophist's seat, fast by Ilyssus' stream,
Lyceum's green retreats, and walks of Academe.*



XXVII.

ON THE DEATH OF A PASTOR.

DEVOTED shepherd of thy Saviour's flock !
From thy sublime and loved vocation rent,
'T is joy to know the overwhelming shock
Of thy bewept departure shall augment
The multitudinous army of the good,
And raise thee to that holy brotherhood.

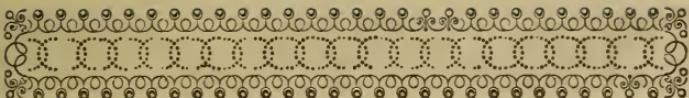
Ashes to ashes, dust to kindred dust,
Thy body is committed to the ground ;
Thy spirit, with all Christian graces crowned,
(Such is our certain confidence and trust,)
Enjoys communion with the sainted just.
Long may such servants of the Church abound,
And, from the altars where thy light has stood,
Shed burning lustre on the land around !



XXVIII.

BURIAL OF ASHMUN.

WHAT desolate mourner rushes to the bier,
And stays the solemn rites of this sad hour ?
O God, sustain her as she draweth near,
Support her in the struggles that o'erpower !
It is a childless mother that bows down
Beside the coffined corpse, amid the crowd ;
It is the ashes of her only son,
His living face unseen for many a year :
Well may she lift her voice, and weep aloud.
The world cannot console her. God alone
Hath power to speak to such a sorrowing one,
And take her dreadful load of grief away :
To man it is not given ; for who can say,
In his own single strength, " Thy will be done " ?



XXIX.

MEMORIAL

OF A COLOURED CLERGYMAN ORDAINED FOR A MISSION
TO AFRICA.

Not on the voyage which our hopes had planned
Shalt thou go forth, poor exile, o'er the main ;
The savage glories of thy fatherland
Shall never bless thy aged sight again ;
Nor shalt thou toil to loose a heavier chain
Than e'er was fastened by the spoiler's hand.
And yet the work for which thy bosom yearned
Shall never rest, though Sin and Death detain
Messiah from his many-peopled reign,
Till all thy captive brethren have returned.
But thou hast gained, (O blest exchange !) instead,
A better country, and a heavenly home,
Where all the ransomed of the Lord shall come,
With everlasting joy upon their head.



X X X.

TO A FRIEND,

ON HIS CONSECRATION TO THE EPISCOPATE.

LET no gainsaying lips despise thy youth ;
Like his, the great Apostle's favourite son,
Whose early rule at Ephesus begun,
Thy Urim and thy Thummim — Light and Truth —
Be thy protection from the Holy One :
And for thy fiery trials, be there shed
A sevenfold grace on thine anointed head,
Till thy *right onward* course shall all be run.
And when thy earthly championship is through,
Thy warfare fought, thy fearful battle won,
And heaven's own palms of triumph bright in view,
May this thy thrilling welcome be : Well done !
Because thou hast been faithful over few,
A mightier rule be thine, O servant good and true !



XXXI.

THE CATECHIST.

TO A SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.

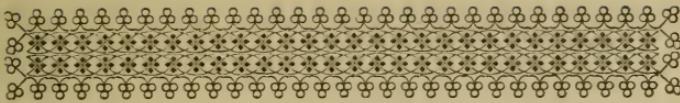
MUCH do we miss thee from thy gentle task
Of love and mercy, on the Sabbath day,
As gather round thy little ones, to ask
What keeps their kindly Teacher far away.
The sweet and solemn quiet of the hours,
The sounds as solemn and as sweet as they,
In sevenfold cadence flung from yon old towers,
Where thou so oft hast met with us to pray,—
These and the blessing on each head that brings
Young souls from darkness into light divine,
Connect thy memory with all heavenliest things,
And make a day of glorious prospect thine,
When they shall rise on strong, immortal wings,
And like a starry firmament shall shine.



X X X II.

IN AN ALBUM.

HERE, Lady, as from some Sibylline leaf,
Read of the after time, when thou shalt know
Thou hast a mightier book than Prospero ;
Albeit he of necromancers chief
Boasted his volume of enchanting power,
(As thou hast read, whose leisure loves to pore
On Britain's and thy country's choicest lore,)
To call departed spirits to his bower.
This is the potent tome, which erewhile, spread
At mystic moments, when thy soul has read
Each penman's spellwork, howsoever brief,
Shall straight recall his form in life and limb ;
Then Heaven forefend, that gentle hearts, with grief,
Or yet in anger, should remember him.



XXXIII.

TO A WINGED FIGURE BY RAPHAEL.

WHETHER thou gazest up to some far isle
In the star-sprinkled depths above, where live
The race from whom thou art a fugitive,
Unseen, unheard from, for a dreary while ;
Or whether, seeking to restrain the smile
That rises to thy lips, thy fingers strive
To hide what eyes so bold and bright contrive ;
Or whether, meditating good or guile,
Thou restest on thine arm contemplative, —
Are problems deeper than where thought can dive.
But if thy breast be not a holy pile,
Where naught unclean hath entered to defile,
Then Heaven forgive thee, false one ! and forgive
That I should trifle with a theme so vile.

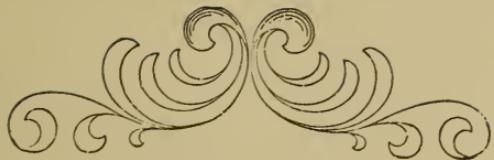


XXXIV.

MEDITATION

ON THE DEATH OF A CLERGYMAN.

As some tall column meets its overthrow,
And levelled in the dust reclines, at length,
In all its graceful symmetry of strength,
So manhood, in his middle years, lies low,
Singled by death from out the stateliest,
While yet he lifts his towering head elate,
And feels the firmer for the very weight
Of all that in dependence on him rest.
Ah, why should we bewail his present fall,
Though prostrate now, and basely undertrod,
If, at the Master Builder's final call,
He stand amid the upright as before,
A pillar in the temple of his God,
And from his happy station go no more ?



P O E M S .





CLOUDS.

“ Cloud-land! gorgeous land ! ” — COLERIDGE.

I CANNOT look above, and see
Yon high-piled, pillowy mass
Of evening clouds, so swimmingly
In gold and purple pass,
And think not, Lord, how Thou wast seen
On Israel’s desert way,
Before them, in thy shadowy screen,
Pavilioned all the day ; —

Or of those robes of gorgeous hue
Which the Redeemer wore,
When, ravished from his followers’ view,
Aloft his flight he bore ;
When, lifted as on mighty wing,
He curtained his ascent,
And, wrapt in clouds, went triumphing
Above the firmament.

Is it a trail of that same pall
Of many-coloured dyes
That high above, o'ermantling all,
Hangs midway down the skies ?
Or borders of those sweeping folds
Which shall be all unfurled
About the Saviour, when he holds
His judgment on the world ?

For in like manner as he went
(My soul, hast thou forgot ?)
Shall be his terrible descent,
When man expecteth not.
Strength, Son of man ! against that hour,
Be to our spirits given,
When thou shalt come again, with power,
Upon the clouds of heaven.





DRINK, AND AWAY !

" There is a beautiful rill in Barbary received into a large basin, which bears a name signifying *Drink, and away!* from the great danger of meeting with rogues and assassins."

DR. SHAW.

Up, pilgrim and rover !
Redouble thy haste,
Nor rest thee till over
Life's wearisome waste :
Ere the wild forest ranger
Thy footsteps betray
To trouble and danger,
O, drink, and away !

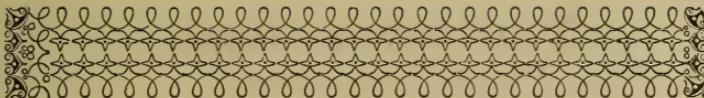
Here lurks the dark savage
By night and by day,
To rob and to ravage,
Nor scruples to slay.
He waits for the slaughter ;
The blood of his prey
Shall stain the still water ;
Then drink, and away !

With toil though thou languish,
 The mandate obey :
 Spur on, though in anguish ;
 There's death in delay.
 No bloodhound, want-wasted,
 Is fiercer than they ;
 Pass by it untasted,
 Or drink, and away !

Though sore be the trial,
 Thy God is thy stay ;
 Though deep the denial,
 Yield not in dismay ;
 But, rapt in high vision,
 Look on to the day
 When fountains elysian
 Thy thirst shall allay.

Then shalt thou forever
 Enjoy thy repose,
 Where life's gentle river
 Eternally flows ;
 Yea, there shalt thou rest thee
 Forever and aye,
 With none to molest thee :
 Then drink, and away !





WHEELOCK COTTAGE, MEDFIELD.

O, WORTHY of the artist's skill,
And passing fair to see,
That humble cot beneath the hill,
That shadowing willow-tree ;
The places where, with hook and line,
We dabbled in the pond,
(From morning sun to hungry dine,)
And all that lies beyond !.

But who shall paint the inmate there,
The pleasant face that made
The scene around us doubly fair,
And sunshine in the shade, —
Whose cheerful age, reproving me
When I at luck repine,
Seems, in its soothing harmony,
So like to *auld lang syne* ?

A thousand happy days and blest
May Heaven award thee still,
Dear friend ! before thou go to rest
With those upon the hill ;
There may'st thou meet, in love's embrace,
The friends thou here hast known,
And see each fond, familiar face
As happy as thine own.



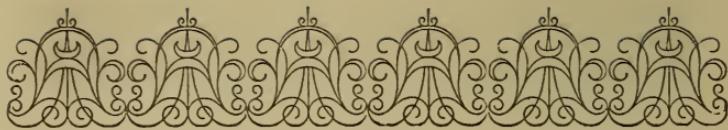


THE ROBIN'S NEST,

DESTROYED BY A CAT.

ALL day, from yonder churchyard tree,
The redbreast, mourning for his mate,
Has poured that thrilling elegy,
Heart-broken and disconsolate.
Her favourite bough he never leaves ;
He never ceases to complain ;
But grieves, as if, like man, he grieves
The more because he grieves in vain.

Poor bird ! a troubled thought they wake,
Those notes of unaffected sorrow, —
The thought how this sad heart may ache
With that same bitter pang to-morrow.
I dare not think what clouds of gloom
Upon our sunny hopes may fall,
And in one hour of bliss may doom
Dear mate, and nest, and nestlings all !



NATURE AND REVELATION.

IMITATED FROM THE PERSIAN OF KHOSROO.

I WANDERED by the burying-place,
And sorely there I wept,
To think how many of my friends
Within its mansions slept ;
And, wrung with bitter grief, I cried
Aloud in my despair,
WHERE, dear companions, have ye fled ?
And Echo answered, WHERE ?

While Nature's voice thus flouted me,
A voice from heaven replied,—
O, weep not for the happy dead,
Who in the Lord have died ;
Sweet is their rest who sleep in Christ,
Though lost awhile to thee ;
Tread in their steps, and sweeter still
Your meeting hour shall be !



A NIGHT THOUGHT.^a

PET lilies of your kind,
Effeminate and pale,
That shiver in the autumn wind,
Like reeds before the gale,
Ye have not toiled nor spun,
As sister lilies might,
Nor are ye wise as Solomon,
Though sumptuous to the sight.

O fair, and well arrayed !
And are ye they to whom
The world is under tribute laid
For finery and perfume ?
And have ye no delight,
Naught else that may avail,
To weather that eternal night,
When these expedients fail ?

^a See Young, Night Second, lines 232 - 253.



GREECE.

“A debtor to the Greeks.” — ST. PAUL.

UPON thy sacred mountain-tops,
How beautiful, O Greece,
The feet of him that publisheth
Through all thy borders peace !
Like Paul, his spirit to release
Of those high claims he seeks,
Which bankrupt all the love we owe
As debtors to the Greeks.

A piercing cry from Macedon
Rings o'er the ocean still,
A cry from Athens, and the shrine
Upon its idol-hill.
A cry from Corinth and the Isles
Of loud entreaty speaks :
Up, Christians ! to your great discharge,
As debtors to the Greeks.



THE BROOK KEDRON.

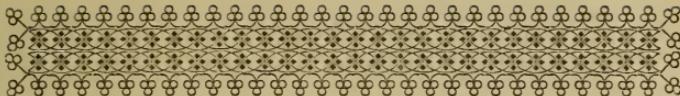
"He went over the brook Kedron with his disciples." — ST. JOHN.

THE vale of thy brook of Life's valley so drear
Meet emblem, dark Kedron, might be,
As it swelled in its hurried and horrid career
To the depths of a desolate sea :
Unceasingly fed with the blood of the slain
From the Temple's far height was its flow,
Till it seemed like some wounded and wandering vein
That was lost in the distance below.

There David went over, and wept as he went ;
There his Son in his sorrow passed o'er,
And his garments were dipped in its crimson descent,
Like a warrior's, wading in gore ;
And, wrapt in forebodings of anguish and woe,
It heightened that vision of pain,
When the blood of a mightier Victim should flow,
And the Lamb of the promise be slain.

Now, Kedron, for ages thy course has been dried,
And thy sands are unmarked with a stain,
Since the Victim ordained from eternity died,
And the Lamb of the promise was slain ;
The pilgrim now passes dry-shod o'er thy bed,
And the thought to his spirit may lay,
He who drank of the brook hath uplifted his head,
And hath borne our transgressions away !





THE SYNAGOGUE.

“ But even unto this day, when Moses is read, the veil is upon their heart. Nevertheless, when it shall turn to the Lord, the veil shall be taken away.” — ST. PAUL.

I SAW them in their synagogue as in their ancient
day,
And never from my memory the scene shall fade
away ;
For dazzling on my vision still the latticed galleries
shine
With Israel’s loveliest daughters, in their beauty
half divine.

It is the holy Sabbath eve ; the solitary light
Sheds, mingled with the hues of day, a lustre noth-
ing bright ;

On swarthy brow and piercing glance it falls with
saddening tinge,
And dimly gilds the Pharisee's phylacteries and
fringe.

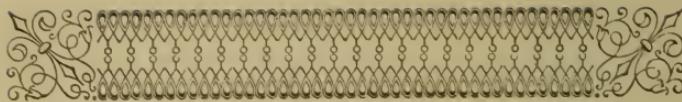
The two-leaved doors slide slow apart before the
Eastern screen,
As rise the Hebrew harmonies, with chanted pray-
ers between ;
And 'mid the tissued veils disclosed, of many a gor-
geous dye,
Envolved in their jewelled scarfs, the sacred rec-
ords lie.

Robed in his sacerdotal vest, a silvery-headed man,
With voice of solemn cadence, o'er the backward
letters ran ;
And often yet methinks I see the glow and power
that sate
Upon his face, as forth he spread the roll immaculate.

And fervently, that hour, I prayed, that from the
mighty scroll
Its light, in burning characters, might break on ev-
ery soul ;
That on their hardened hearts the veil might be no
longer dark,
But be forever rent in twain, like that before the ark.

For yet the tenfold film shall fall, O Judah ! from
thy sight,
And every eye be purged to read thy testimonies
right,
When thou, with all Messiah's signs in Christ dis-
tinctly seen,
Shalt, by Jehovah's nameless name, invoke the Naz-
arene.





MIDNIGHT THOUGHT.

'T IS the very verge of the midnight deep,
And I hark for the passing-bell,
That shall presently come, with its solemn sweep,
To bid the last hour farewell ;
A lonely vigil it is to keep,
As I sadly think of those
Who have sunk away to their long, last sleep,
And their undisturbed repose.

But O, how happy to think, this night,
Of the eyes that are shut, like flowers,
To open again more fresh and bright,
With the brighter and fresher hours :
Of the hosts of God, who pitch their tents
All good men round about,
Protecting their slumbering innocence,
And making their dreams devout !

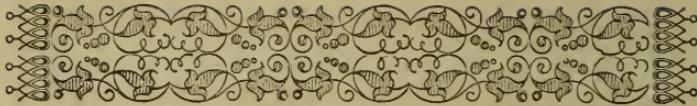


DE PROFUNDIS.

“There may be a cloud without a rainbow, but there cannot be a rainbow without a cloud.”

My soul were dark
But for the golden light and rainbow hue,
That, sweeping heaven with their triumphal arc,
Break on the view.

Enough to feel
That God indeed is good. Enough to know,
Without the gloomy cloud, He could reveal
No beauteous bow.



PALESTINE.

THE CITIES OF THE PLAIN.

“Several travellers, and, among others, Troilo and D’Arvieux, assert that they remarked fragments of walls and palaces in the Dead Sea. This statement seems to be confirmed by Maundrell and Father Nahani. The ancients speak more positively on this subject. Josephus, who employs a poetic expression, says that he perceived on the banks of the lake the *shades* of the overwhelmed cities. Strabo gives a circumference of sixty stadia to the ruins of Sodom, which are mentioned also by Tacitus. I know not whether they still exist; but as the lake rises and falls at certain seasons, it is possible that it may alternately cover and expose the skeletons of the reprobate cities.” — CHATEAUBRIAND.

I WANDERED by the Dead Sea brink, in dreaming
hour, to gaze
Upon the awful monuments and wrecks of ancient
days,
If haply yet its rocky isles might alter on my eyes,
And, like some arch enchanter’s pile, in gramarye
arise;

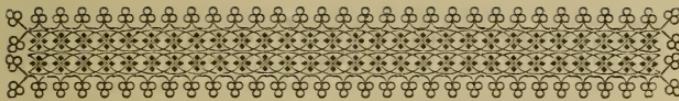
If yet the clustering bitumen its rude resemblance bore
To pomps that here had glorified the younger world before,
And peering still above the tide, if summits might be seen,
Magnificent, like Baly's towers, in sunlight and sea-green.

A mournful sight it was, I ween, that sea, from shore to shore
Unruffled by one venturous wing, unbroken by an oar ;
The air above, the earth around, the desolate expanse
Beneath my feet, were all alike without inhabitants ;
And, nearest like to living thing, the evening wind
was loud,
And Jordan, as its raving streams contested passage
crowd,
And suffocating bursts of smoke that poison all the air,
Told how God's early wrath had left eternal traces there.

But louder than the Jordan's rush, and deeper than the breeze
That rustled in the hollow reeds, methought, were sounds like these ;

They came up with the sulphurous fumes that from
the surface broke,
As if the voice of those below in solemn warning
spoke :—
O, had the wonders here been done which now are
done in vain,
Still had these buried cities stood, the glory of the
plain ;
But darker is thy country's doom, and better shall
it be
For Sodom, in the judgment day, than, guilty land,
for thee !





AFRICA.

WHEN shall thy centre opened be ?

When shall the veil, that lay
Upon that land of mystery
So long, be torn away ?
When shall the hallowed Cross be seen
Far in those sunny tracts,
Beyond the lofty mountain screen,
And thundering cataracts ?

When shall thy daily barks, that bring
Rich lading to the sea,
Of plumes of gorgeous colouring
And choicest ivory,
And incense of acacia groves,
And costly gems, and grains
Of that most valued gold washed down
By Abyssinian rains ; —

When shall they bear a freightage back
More precious than those woods,
Whose fragrance fills the Niger's track
In seasons of the floods ?

When shall each kingdom that receives
The Gospel, learn to prize
The treasures hidden in its leaves
Above all merchandise ?

Then bread upon thy waters cast
Shall not be cast in vain ;
But after many days are past,
It shall be found again.

Then thy barbaric sons shall sue,
Nor nature's self resist,
An entrance for their kindred true,
The dark evangelist.





SOUTH-SEA MISSIONARIES.

SUGGESTED BY A PASSAGE IN STEWART'S JOURNAL.

WITH pleasure not unmixed with pain,
They find their passage o'er,
As, with the Sabbath's dawn, they gain
That islet's rocky shore ;
Behind them is the sweltering main,
The torrid land before.

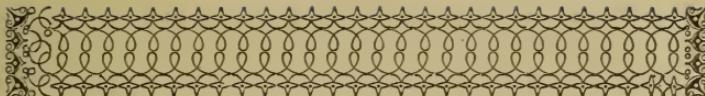
No sound was in the silence heard
To break the air of balm,
Save when the screaming tropic bird
Wheeled seaward in the calm ;
The faint and heated breeze scarce stirred
The streamers of the palm.

The shipman in the distance sees,
 Across the glowing bay,
The crowded, straw-built cottages,
 Like sunburnt ricks of hay,
Beneath the tall banana-trees,
 Bask in the morning ray.

And as that self-devoted band
 Of Christian hearts drew near,
No cool and bracing current fanned
 The lifeless atmosphere.
Why should they seek that savage land,
 So desolate and drear ?

In faith, those far-off shores they trod,
 This humble six or seven,
And through those huts of matted sod
 Shall spread the gospel leaven,
Till each becomes a house of God,
 A mercy-gate of heaven.





THE FEAST OF TABERNACLES.

METHINKS there is indeed a feast
In these inspiring words alone,
Which could not even be increased
By music's most enchanting tone.
My inmost sense they ravish quite
With scenes and sounds so dear to me,
They fill my ear, they fill my sight,
And leave no room for minstrelsy.

Raise ye who will the spells of power
In which the sons of song combine :
To sit and muse some silent hour
O'er these transporting leaves, be mine !
Here pitch my verdant tent ; for here
He must have felt it good to be,
Who built these tabernacles dear
To Faith, and Fame, and Fantasy !



THE MEETING OF THE TRIBES.

ON THE OPENING OF A COUNCIL OF THE CHURCH.

"For thither the tribes go up."

THE tribes have gone up, not in battle array,
But to keep on God's mountain their festival day ;
The tribes have gone up, with their banners dis-
played,
In peace, o'er the thousands who meet in their
shade.

From the east, from the west, from the south, from
the north,
From Dan to Beersheba, their powers have come
forth ;
From the wide-spreading valleys their ancients are
seen,
And the dwellers on Lebanon's mountains so green,

And, Judah, thy lordliest Lion is there,
Unharmed, from the glorious depths of his lair ;
For the archers have fiercely shot at him in vain,
And he shakes off their darts, like the dew, from his
mane.

In gladness the chosen of Levi pour out,
And the feeblest starts up at the summons devout ;
Nor will one of the twelve in their borders abide,
From the ship-covered coast to the Great River's side.

May the dew which, like Hermon's, distils from above,
Sink deep in all hearts, and inspire them with love ;
And the grace on the head of the aged high-priest ^a
Flow down on the greatest, and reach to the least.

The spirit of peace to their counsels restore,
O God ! and let Ephraim vex Judah no more ;
The spirit of might and of wisdom impart,
Nor let Reuben's divisions cause searching of heart.

So the least of all seeds shall become a great tree,
And shall spread from the mountains its boughs to
the sea,
Till all the wide land with its shelter is blest,
From the dawning of day to the uttermost west.

^a Bishop White.



THE MISSIONARY'S FAREWELL.

THE signal is made from yon mast o'er the trees,
Which nods to the billows, and beckons the breeze ;
The anchor's upheaved, and the sails are unfurled,
To carry him forth to the ends of the world.

And now the near headlands already float by,
And the half-shrouded cottages swim in his eye ;
And a thousand past joys are recalled by the view,
Which his bosom can never, O, never renew !

At length he puts forth from his own native bay,
And the bark of his country sweeps southward away ;
And the heart of the messenger inwardly bleeds,
As each object grows dim on the shore, and recedes.

THE MISSIONARY'S FAREWELL. 67

How can he refrain from the strong burst of tears,
As the land of his forefathers fast disappears,
As the mountains and hill-tops grow dusky and dun,
And turret and spire fade away one by one !

But his bosom, alas ! shall more bitterly ache
O'er the tenderer ties which that parting must break ;
And the tears will, in spite of his manliness, start,
As affection's full tide rushes back on his heart.

But for these though the flesh in its weakness may
yearn,
His spirit is willing, he would not return ;
His orders are onward, 't is his to obey ;
He dare not decline, and he dare not delay.

And the day is soon coming those friends to restore,
Whom he loveth not less, but his Saviour the more,
When the faithful to death shall receive their re-
ward,
And together partake of the joy of their Lord.

With him, when our own weary voyage is past,
Be the haven of happiness entered at last,
In that far better country, undarkened by sin,
Where the shouts of the ransomed shall welcome
us in !



STANZAS.

Yon distant tower of old gray stone,
The verdure of the trees,
The golden sunlight o'er them thrown, —
What fairer scene than these ?
The organ and the Sabbath bell,
Blent like the far-off sea, —
What tones the raptured heart can swell
Up to such ecstasy ?

To human sympathies the sight
Is dearer far within,
When all, on bended knees, unite
In penitence for sin ;
And heavenlier far the thoughts they raise,
When human voices there
Swell high the glorious tide of praise,
Or breathe the contrite prayer.



THE ORDINAL.

ALAS for me could I forget
The memory of that day
Which fills my waking thoughts, nor yet
E'en sleep can take away;
In dreams I still renew the rites
Whose strong but mystic chain
The spirit to its God unites,
And none can part again.

How oft the Bishop's form I see,
And hear that thrilling tone,
Demanding, with authority,
The heart for God alone!
Again I kneel as then I knelt,
While he above me stands,
And seem to feel as then I felt
The pressure of his hands.

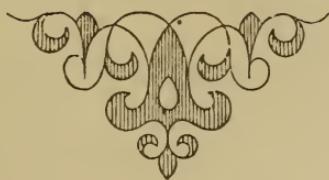
Again the priests in meek array,
As my weak spirit fails,
Beside me bend them down to pray
Before the chancel rails;
As then the sacramental host
Of God's elect are by,
When many a voice its utterance lost,
And tears dimmed many an eye.

As then they on my vision rose,
The vaulted aisles I see,
And desk and cushioned book repose
In solemn sanctity;
The mitre o'er the marble niche,
The broken crook and key,
That from a Bishop's tomb shone rich
With polished tracery;

The hangings, the baptismal font,—
All, all, save me, unchanged,—
The holy table, as was wont,
With decency arranged;
The linen cloth,—the plate, the cup,
Beneath their covering shine,
Ere priestly hands are lifted up
To bless the bread and wine.

The solemn ceremonial past,
And I am set apart
To serve the Lord, from first to last,
With undivided heart :
And I have sworn, with pledges dire,
Which God and man have heard,
To speak the holy truth entire
In action and in word !

O Thou, who in Thy holy place
Hast set Thine orders three,
Grant me, Thy meanest servant, grace
To win a good degree ;
That so, replenished from above,
And in mine office tried,
Thou mayst be honoured, and in love
Thy Church be edified.





RECOLLECTIONS OF ST. PAUL'S DAY.

“At mid-day, O king, I saw in the way a light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun, shining round about me and them which journeyed with me. Whereupon, O King Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision.”

How swift the years have come and gone, since, on
this blessed day,
A victim at the altar's horn, I gave myself away ;
And, streaming through the house of God, a glory
seemed to shine,
Invisible to other eyes, but manifest to mine.

It was not in his terrors clad, nor with those to-
kens dire,
The rushing of the whirlwind's wing, the earth-
quake, and the fire,
Nor yet amid the blasting blaze that makes the
sunshine dim,
And pales the ineffectual beams that minister to
Him :

Serene was that effulgent noon, and gladdening
 was the ray,
Which made a heavenly vision there I could not
 disobey;
And gentle those subduing tones which soothed
 and tempered all,
As with the holy harmony of voices still and small.

O father, mother, brethren, *friends, no less than
brethren dear!*
Who promised, at this solemn hour, to be in spirit
 near,
Say, is it not your influence in blended prayer I
 feel,
As now before the mercy-seat from many shrines
 we kneel?

I would my heart might ever thus dissolve with fer-
 vent heat,
As here, *fast by the oracle*, the service I repeat;
That even in my inmost soul the same rejoicing
 light
Might burn, like Zion's altar flame, unquenchable
 and bright.





CHRIST CHURCH, BOSTON.

"I know thy works, and where thou dwellest, even where Satan's seat is ; and thou holdest fast thy name, and hast not denied my faith."

Not for thy pomp and pride of place,
 Not for thy relics rare
Of kings, and ministers of grace,
 Whose names thy vessels bear ;
Not for thy boast of high degree,
 Nor charms of gorgeous style,
Hast thou been ever dear to me,
 O thou time-honoured pile !

But for thy constant truth, which still
 Preserves, from age to age
Unmoved, through good report and ill,
 The Fathers' heritage ;
Which firmly as the hills remains,
 As years have o'er thee swept,
And singly, 'mid apostate fanes,
 The ancient faith has kept.

For sixscore years thy lofty vaults
With those ascriptions ring,
Which lift the soul, while it exalts
The Christ, of Glory King.
And well might walls, so taught, cry out,
If human lips were dumb,
And aisles spontaneous swell the shout
Until the Bridegroom come.

For this, how oft my spirit longs
To tread thy courts ! How stirs
My inmost heart to join thy throngs
Of earnest worshippers !
For this, how oft, on bended knee,
I ask, dear Church, to see
No drought on others' husbandry,
But much of dew on thee !

Though many have afflicted thee,
And all thy ways despise,
And turn, with gayer company,
To where new shrines arise,
Here let thy children keep their feet,
And do not yet despair
That they who scorn thee yet may meet
Before thy shrine in prayer.

Though cheerless to the eye of sense,
A land that none pass through,
Eternal is thine excellence,
Which shall be brought to view.
And on thy gates the stranger's son
Shall, in God's time, record,
“The Zion of the Holy One,
The City of the Lord !”





CHRIST CHURCH.

HERE, brother, let us pause awhile,
And in this quiet chancel muse
On vanished friends who thronged each aisle,
And crowded these deserted pews ;—
To whom I broke the bread of life,
And poured the mystic cup of grace,
And hoped, when past this mortal strife,
To share with them our Lord's embrace.

Full are the tombs o'er which we tread ;
And, with o'erwhelming sense of awe,
I summon back the holy dead
Whom once around these rails I saw.
And how much nearer, at this hour,
Their unseen presence than we know !
This is a thought of thrilling power :
O, speak with reverent voice, — speak low !

How oft, at dead of night, when sleep
In heaviest folds wrapped all around,
I've come, my vigil here to keep,
And sighed to hear some human sound !
Alone, amid the scene of gloom,
I've watched for dawn, and felt oppressed
To know, that, in the lofty room,
I was the only living guest.

The ticking of yon ancient clock,
That marks the solemn tread of Time,
Against my heart-strings seemed to knock ;
And, hark ! those Christmas bells sublime !
So have they rung a hundred years,
And on the ears that heard them first
The chiming of the starry spheres
With their enrapturing tones has burst.





A CHRISTMAS EVENING PASTORAL.

"Ye shall have a song as in the night when a holy solemnity is kept."—ISAIAH.

My own dear Church, how can I choose
But turn, in spirit, back to thee,
As on this hallowed night I lose
 Myself in pensive reverie ?
For in thy courts a single day
 'T is good, if but in thought, to dwell ;
Nor may I tear my heart away
 From all that it has loved so well.

How sweet to hear at eventide
The pealing of thy silver chime,
In tuneful changes, far and wide,
 Give note of coming Christmas-time !

How richly through the wintry sky
It floats ! as if the heavenly train
Sang, “ Glory be to God on high,
And peace to peaceful men ! ” again.

While thus the vocal heavens invite,
And bells ring out in angel-tone,
To Bethlehem let us haste to-night,
And see the wonders there made known.
Thy radiant courts are all ablaze,
And brilliant is the festive scene,
As when rose on the prophet’s gaze
Fair Canaan, dressed in living green.

The wreaths in loftiest arches tied,
The boughs in each deep window spread,
The festoons swung from side to side,
The columns twined and garlanded,
The leafy cross, which venturesome arm
Has dared to hang the chancel o’er,
Give all the shady lodge a charm
That never met the eye before.

Thus, verdant as a sylvan tent,
Thine old age puts its greenness on ;
Thy bowery aisles all redolent
With goodliest smell of Lebanon.

How fresh the branches stand, and thick !

With what a dazzling light, and clear,
Like Aaron's golden candlestick,
Gleams out each ancient chandelier !

And he who looks above the crowd

May almost see, in vision, swim
Beneath the cornice, veiled in cloud,
The mystic shapes of cherubim ;
Now, listening to the grateful strain,
Each in his angle seems to rest,
With twain unfolded wings, and twain
Spread crosswise on his raptured breast.

And now a joyous echo rings,

And seems the whole angelic row,
That o'er the rood-loft poise their wings,
Their loud, uplifted trumps to blow ;
And quivering now through wavy trees,
And throbbing breasts, (with thrilling sound
Of solemn pastoral symphonies,)
A glory truly shines around ; —

It shines on robes without alloy,

On priestly vestment, pure and white,
And on the shepherd's head whose joy
It is to watch his flock by night.

It brightest shines where hearts once cold
Are kindling with the truths revealed,
And, like the faithful swains of old,
Beneath their gladdening influence yield.

Thrice blest, who thus the night prolong,
Who soar on each inspiring tune,
And emulate the shining throng
That pass away to heaven too soon !
Thrice blest, who, as the years roll by,
More fondly treasure up the word,
And God their Saviour glorify
For all that they have seen and heard !

Though many a friend is dead and gone,
Though many a sainted face we miss,
Long may thy tuneful peal ring on,
That calls, dear Church, to feasts like this !
For whence could joy and comfort flow
To aching hearts that bleed for them,
But for His grace, whose reign below
Began this night in Bethlehem ?





ST. JOHN BAPTIST'S DAY.

IT was a solemn *day* to me,
This twenty-fourth of June,
Eleven years ago ; alas
That they have passed so soon !
And often as it comes about,
I meditate thereon,
And strive to follow, as I may,
Christ's herald, good St. John.

It was a solemn *place* to me,
That sanctuary old,
Where still we, after sixscore years,
The same high service hold.
And still 't is good, amid the change
That sweeps o'er all beside,
To know that, while these walls shall stand,
That service shall abide.

How many who were present then
Sleep in their tombs below !
How many to their distant posts
Have gone, as I now go !
Of all the crowds that then were here,
How few are left behind !
And of that few, how fewer still
Who call that scene to mind.

To me it is as yesterday ;
I see the whole proceed, —
The bishop, and the brethren round,
Who came to bid God-speed !
The holy altar, then withdrawn
Deep in its own recess,
Ere desk and pulpit crowded in,
To make its honours less.

O, it was not in mockery
That then I offered there,
In weakness, fear, and trembling tones,
The Institution-prayer.
How often, as I've paced those aisles
At sacred hours alone,
Have I recited o'er that prayer,
To God is truly known !

How little thought the warden gray
That aught but death the keys
Surrendered by his faithful hand
Should ever wrest from these,—
That e'er this ancient fold should count
Their broken pledge no sin,
Or part, for trifling cause, the bonds
Of God's own discipline !

Dear Church ! as now that tender charge
I solemnly resign,
Some bleeding hearts will testify
The fault has not been mine !
For who could hear thy heavenly chime
With gladder heart than I ?
Who love thee with a fonder love,
Or in thy service die ?

God raise thee up some faithful man,
More prompt to follow on,
In doctrine and in holy life,
Christ's herald, good St. John !
Give him all boldness to rebuke,
And skill thy griefs to cure,
And, for his heavenly Master's sake,
All patience to endure !



FROM THE ANTIQUE.

“ Fons Crucis, Fons Lucis.”

BY THE NAME OF CROSSE-WELLE.

WELLE of the Crosse ! would I might be
In spirit, as in name, like thee,
Whose gentle flow from Calvarie's mount
Covers the nations like a sea,
Drowns in its depths the Egerian fount,
And older wave of Castalie.

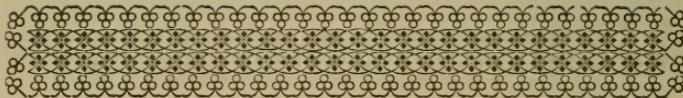
WELLE of the Crosse ! would that my name
Were emblem of my being's aim,
Upon whose face, in tranquil rest,
The purest hues of heaven might glow,
And through its deep, transparent breast,
Fair truth be seen far down below.

Welle of the CROSSE ! would that I might
Thy glorie with thy name unite :
That, cleansed by thee from every stain,
My soul might gladly count but loss
All worldly thought, all worldly gain,
To bear the burden of the Cross.

O yes, for thee, WELLE OF THE CROSSE !
Fain would I count all gain but loss ;
For thee fain would I live and die,
Nor covet ease, nor toil decline,
So I all sin might crucify,
So I but conquer in that sign ! ^a

^a In hoc signo vinces.—*Constantine's Vision.*





TO MY FATHER.

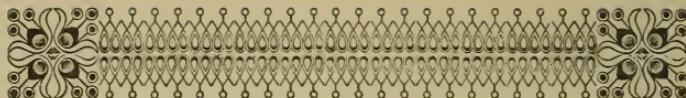
MY father, I recall the dream
 Of childish joy and wonder,
When thou wast young as I now seem,
 Say, thirty-three, or under ;
When on thy temples, as on mine,
 Time just began to sprinkle
His first gray hairs, and traced the sign
 Of many a coming wrinkle.

I recognize thy voice's tone
 As to myself I'm talking ;
And this firm tread, how like thine own,
 In thought, the study walking !
As, musing, to and fro I pass,
 A glance across my shoulder
Would bring thine image in the glass,
 Were it a trifle older.

My father, proud am I to bear
Thy face, thy form, thy stature,
But happier far might I but share
More of thy better nature,—
Thy patient progress after good,
All obstacles disdaining,
Thy courage, faith, and fortitude,
And spirit uncomplaining.

Then for the day that I was born
Well might I joy, and borrow
No longer of the coming morn
Its trouble or its sorrow ;
Content I'd be to take my chance
In either world, possessing
For my complete inheritance
Thy virtues and thy blessing !





TO MY MOTHER.

My mother ! many a burning word
Would not suffice the love to tell
With which my inmost soul is stirred,
As thoughts of thee my bosom swell :
But better I should ill express
The passion thus, than leave untold
The glow of filial tenderness
Which never in my heart grows cold.

Oft, as I muse o'er all the wrong,
The silent grief, the secret pain,
My froward youth has caused, I long
To live my childhood o'er again ;
And yet they were not all in vain,
The lessons which thy love then taught ;
Nor always has it dormant lain,
The fire from thy example caught.

And now, as feelings all divine
With deepest power my spirit touch,
I feel as if some prayer of thine,
My mother ! were availing much.
And thus availing, more and more,
O, be it thine, in bliss, to see
The hopes with which thy heart runs o'er,
In fondest hour, fulfilled in me !





EPITHALAMIUM.

METHINKS those joyous bells will ring
In my rapt ear with holiest power,
When I within that shrine shall bring
The offering of my nuptial hour ;
And I shall feel the debt I owe
For all the past of hope and love,
Dear Church, that gives so much below,
In pledge of more reserved above !

Though brief the time in service spent,
How long and dear its ties shall be !
As precious and *as permanent*
As numbers of eternity ;
For though no bridal bond be theirs
Who in the resurrection rise,
Yet from their graves *all holy pairs*
Pass to their union in the skies.

O, may that worthiness be mine,
To walk hereafter by her side
O'er whom I joy, in rites divine,
As joys the bridegroom o'er the bride.
Together may we join the throng
Who follow at their Saviour's call,
And celebrate in mystic song
The heavenly marriage festival!





A DAUGHTER'S PORTION.

O GOD, who on our household
 Thus far hast fondly smiled,
I thank thee for thy choicest boon,—
 My precious, only child.
And pray thee that the favour
 Which has so richly blest
Her sunny days of infancy,
 May shine on all the rest.

I have not asked for beauty,
 Fair cheek, or golden tress ;
Though all that is within me melts
 At woman's loveliness.
I have not asked for riches,
 Nor even wealth of mind ;
Though doting on intelligence,
 Pure, lofty, and refined :

Those better gifts I covet,
Which thou dost bid us seek, —
A soul serene, affectionate,
And resolute, yet meek.
The meetness of the children
Who shared our Lord's caress,
And whose surpassing excellence
Is early holiness.

O, might she thus resemble
That late departed saint,
Who, worthy of Madonna's name,
I may not dare to paint !
Or catch the falling glories
Throned on that aged brow,
Which, in the multitude of peace,
Has passed from us but now !

Fain would I ask, as o'er me
That raptured image swims,
All ready with the seraph choirs
To join the heavenly hymns,
That her *unearthly comforts*,
And looks, *divinely mild*,
Might, by some secret sympathy,
Inspire my gracious child.

While thus, dear Lord, my musings
Have blent, in tender ties,
The child, and aged childlike friend,
Whom tears shall canonize,
May the hope that both are living,
And rejoicing in thy smile,
Cheer the lonely dwelling-places
Which each has left awhile.

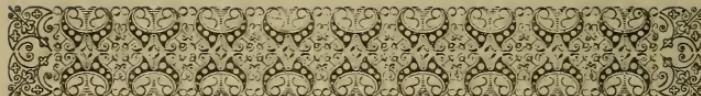




TO ——.

FAIR child ! thou fillest mine eye with tears,
For thou carriest back my mind
To the sinless days which the flight of years
Has left so far behind ;
And I search my shrinking self to know
How the spirit, so darkened now,
Can be purged of its manhood's guilt and woe,
And be pure once more as thou.

Again, thou carriest on my thought
To the vision of things before,
When the last great battle with sin is fought,
And the struggle of death is o'er ;
For in vain our Heaven we hope to see,
And our Saviour undefiled,
Till we learn His lesson of such as thee,
And become like a little child !



TO MY SISTER.

How like, alas ! in their estate
Are home and heart ! the one
Is left unto thee desolate,
Its thousand ties undone ;
The other, as the winds go by,
Sore charged with storm and rain,
Hear in their sound the dismal cry,
“ When shall we meet again ? ”

But hush, fond heart ! there is a home
Not made by hand of clay,
Where change and chance shall never come,
In heaven’s eternal day.
For that loved rest thyself prepare
By deeds of holy strain,
Till, in the many mansions there,
We meet, nor part again.



LONELINESS.

TO G. W. D.

I miss thee at the morning tide,
The glorious hour of prime ;
I miss thee more when day has died,
At blessed evening-time.
As slide the aching hours away,
Still art thou unforgot ;
Sleeping or waking, night and day,
When do I miss thee not ?

How can I pass that gladsome door,
Where every favourite room
Thy presence made so bright before
Is loneliness and gloom ?
Each place where most thou lov'dst to be,
Thy home, thy house of prayer,
Seem yearning for thy company :
I miss thee everywhere.



TO A FRIEND

WHO SENT ME A WATCH-CASE AND A THERMOMETER.

How much, O Time ! at every beat
My faithful watch has said
Of thine unseen yet quick retreat,
Thy never-ceasing tread !
And friends have given me, day by day,
A clearer power to see
How fast thy circles wear away
Into Eternity.

But howsoever times may range,
Let not this token be
A type of like mercurial change
Between my friends and me.
Howe'er the quickened silver mount,
Or shrink into the ball,
Be our dilated hearts unwont
To either rise or fall.



THE NAME OF MARY.

WRITTEN IN A BIBLE.

WHO sees, where in the sacred leaves
The name of some dear friend
Its tribute at God's hand receives,
And saintliest lips commend,
And prays not that the Book may bear
For *her* that witness true ;
That all the hallowed name who share
May be like-minded too ?

Wouldst have thy name in heaven's own page,
With heaven's own colours writ ?
Learn, in thy green, unsaddened age,
At Jesus' feet to sit ;
By faith unfeigned, and holy love,
And penitential prayer,
'Tis graven in the Book above,
And kept unfading there.



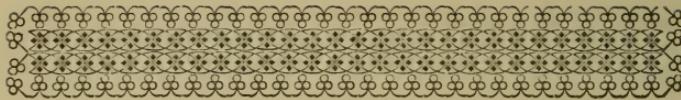
TO * * * *.

LADY ! to whom belong
The will and power to roll
The tide of music and of song
That overflow the soul,
The stream has passed away,
But left a glittering store,
Deposited in rich array
On memory's silent shore,—

A strand of precious things,
Where in confusion lie
The wrecks of high imaginings
And thoughts that cannot die.
O for that voice alone,
Whose full, refreshing flow
Could on the troubled soul its own
Serenity bestow !

Why should those streams be mute
Which brighten as they roll,
Nor in their liquid lapse pollute,
But beautify the soul ?
O, tranquillize, refine
The heart, till it shall be,
As in its primal day, divine,
And full of Deity !





STANZAS,

ON THE DEATH OF AN AGED SERVANT OF GOD.

“Fortunate Senex.”

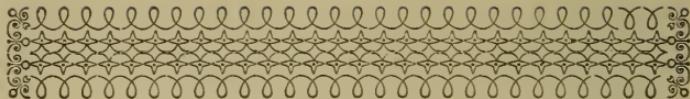
I WAS in spirit with the crowd
Who stood around thy bier,
When grief, though deep, was yet not loud,
As each in turn drew near,
And, mutely bending, o'er and o'er
Fond kindred lips were pressed
Upon thy placid brow, before
They laid thee to thy rest.

No stain upon thy clear renown,
Descended from the brave,
Brought thy gray hairs with sorrow down,
Tried veteran ! to the grave ;
We saw thee hastening, calm and sage,
On to thy perfect day,
And, in thy green and good old age,
Serenely fade away.

Peace to thy patriarchal dust !
From yon old solemn shrine
Breaks forth a tone of loftiest trust
That better things are thine ;
Thy light shone ever there to bless,
And on thy hoary head,
Found in the way of righteousness,
A crown of glory shed.

Nursed in her aisles, and truly taught
By her to live and die,
Our grief finds refuge in the thought
That there thou still art nigh ;
It treasures there a precious store
For sweet and soothing calm,
To read thy favourite prayers, and pour
The same victorious psalm.

Thus shall thy memory be a spell
Of strong but silent power,
Within the church thou lov'dst so well,
And round thy household bower ;
Yea, every spot is sanctified,
Amid this vale of tears,
Where thou, for heaven, hast laid aside
The burden of thy years.



IN MEMORY OF D. W.

“ Heu ! Quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminiisse ”

ONCE how my exiled schoolboy heart
Would with impatience yearn
For those dear vernal holidays
When I might homeward turn !
And, *haven where I would be then,*
How fondly would I say,
Thou wert too fair to look upon,
Save on such holiday !^a

And still thy bowers are beautiful,
Thy walks are fair to see,
But time and troublous thoughts have worked
A dreary change in me ;

^a “ When I sat last on this primrose bank, and looked down these meadows, I thought of them as Charles the Emperor did of the city of Florence,—that they were too pleasant to be looked on, but only on holidays.” — WALTON.

And year by year thy loveliness
Has on my sense grown dim,
Till thou hast scarce a charm unbroke,
Since thou art spoiled of *him*.

A grief for which all words are weak
Has pierced me to the quick,
Nor dare I trust myself to speak
The thoughts that crowd so thick ;
I yield me to the consciousness
Which death and sorrow bring,
That all of earth we dote upon
Hath no continuing.





TO MY NAMESAKE,
ON HIS BAPTISM.

“Formose Puer.”

CHILDE William, I have little skill,
But much of heart and hope,
To clear from every sign of ill
Thy happy horoscope.
The occult gift is hid from me,
Nor may my art divine
Thy life’s unfolded destiny
From this sweet palm of thine.

But in thy mother’s tender love,
Thy father’s anxious care,
And, more, the answer from above
To our baptismal prayer,—

In these a hallowed influence dwells,
A charm that's heavenlier far
Than might of planetary spells,
Or culminating star.

The power of holiest rites, fair boy,
The tears that oft will wet
Thy forehead from excess of joy,—
These be thy amulet!
On these auspicious prospects rest,
These figure out thy fate;
How can they fail to make thee blest,—
Blest, if not fortunate ?

A childless man, well may I deem
Thy name my highest pride,
Rich in thy parents' dear esteem,
Though poor in all beside;
Well may my heart with gladness ache,
Flower of a noble stem,
If one will love thee for my sake,
As I have honoured them.



TO A FRIEND,

EMBARKING IN A SHIP NAMED "THE HEBER."

ALL gentle gales,
Serene and smiling skies, thy course attend ;
The *winds* of God and goodness fill thy sails,
My faithful friend.

And if the trust
Be not in vain, that Heaven does still assign
Our guardians from the spirits of the just,
Be Heber's thine !

And when 't is o'er,
The stormy passage of our life, may we
Meet in that world where he has gone before,
Without a sea.



TO MY GODSON,

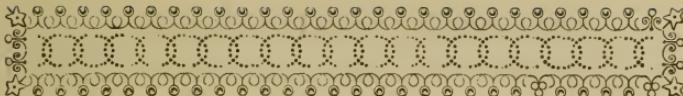
WILLIAM CROSWELL DOANE.

IT seems, dear boy, but yesterday,
Since to the font we came,
A happy and delighted throng,
To answer in thy name :
And I, thy father's chosen friend,
Joyed o'er thy father's son,
To hear the priestly blessing blend
Our names, allied in one.

But ah ! how cloud has followed cloud !
How many a thrilling scene,
What trials and what triumphs, crowd
The narrow space between !
And we are sundered far and wide,
Who framed in happier hour
The ties which time shall not divide,
Nor death shall overpower.

Let not thine eye to me be strange,
Whose smile has been so sweet,
And I can bear what other change
Awaits us ere we meet.
And sure the love which thus begun
Must bind us to the end,
And never can thy father's son
Forget thy father's friend.





LAMENT.

ON THE DEATH OF A PASTOR.

My brother, I have read
Of holy men, in Christ who fell asleep,
For whom no bitter tears of woe were shed, —
I could not weep !

And thou thyself art one,
O man of loves, and truth without alloy !
The Master calleth, and, thy work well done,
Enter thy joy !

To such as thee belong
The harmonies in which all heaven unite,
To share the *inexpressive nuptial song*,
And walk in white !

But O thy Church ! thy home !
Thy widowed home !— who shall forbid to grieve ?
How may they bear the desolating gloom
Such partings leave ?

Great Shepherd of the flock !
E'en Thou, whose life was given for the sheep,
Sustain them in the overwhelming shock,
And safely keep !





TO THE
REV. THOMAS WINTHROP COIT, D. D.

ON HIS ACCEPTANCE OF A POST OF DUTY IN THE WEST.

WITH hope and courage unrepressed,
Go, follow where the orb of day
And Empire's Star, both tending west,
Have pointed out thy brightening way ;
And from our dwellings by the sea,
Beyond the mountain barriers bear
The bonds which sacred sympathy
Hath sanctified by many a prayer.

And when thy steps are safely led
By mighty marge of rivers wide,
Which, *like an earth-born giant, spread*^a
Their thirsty arms on every side,

^a " And Trent, like an earth-born giant, spreads
His thirsty arms along th' indented meads."

MILTON, *Vacation Exercise.*

116 *TO REV. THOMAS W. COIT, D. D.*

O, let their waters, as they glide
Resistless on, thine emblem be,—
A stream of many thousand tides
Against the Truth's great enemy.





ELEGIAC.

ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. B. D. WINSLOW.

In silence I have wept for thee, and with a grief
sincere,
And conscious, dearest Benjamin, that *love was in*
arrear,
But shrinking still, lest in thy praise I should my-
self commend,
So high in merit thou, and I so very dear a friend.

Else I had earlier witness borne, how, watching by
thy side,
When thou the hour of thy release didst patiently
abide,
At midnight, as the taper's light began like thee to
wane,
Thou pourest in my ravished ear thy last and
swan-like strain.

Like Baruch, when the prophet's lips glowed with
 unearthly fires,
I noted down the soothing words which peace divine
 inspires,
Preserving since, with hallowed care, thy oft-repeat-
 ed lay,
So soon to prove its moral true,—“ This, too,
 shall pass away ! ”

We prayed and parted, when the dawn began too
 soon to break,
And dear the book thou gavest me, to cherish for
 thy sake,
And dearer still the pencilled words, the last I saw
 thee write,
In token of the Master's grace, who giveth songs
 by night !

The vows thy youth had registered, ere yet it lost
 its dew,
Here, in my life's meridian day, I solemnly renew ;
And when, though following far behind, I've run
 my weary race,
May I, with thee, in better worlds, share in our
 Lord's embrace.



BISHOP WHITE.

"Clarum et venerabile nomen."

IT was a consecrated place,
And thought still lingers there,
Where first I saw thee face to face,
And heard thy voice in prayer ;
Though thousands thronged each long-drawn aisle,
I dwelt upon thy mien,
As though alone it filled the pile,
So saintly and serene.

And there, arrayed on either hand,
A goodly sight to see,
Rose up our apostolic band,
A glorious company.
And still I deem that hour most blest
When round the shrine they stood,
With thee, the father of the rest,
A holy brotherhood.

Age had forborne thy frame to bow ;
Thine eye, without eclipse,
Seemed ready, like thy reverend brow,
For heaven's apocalypse ;
And well the thought that o'er thee stole
Might be of triumph high,
Like those which swelled the patriarch's soul
When he desired to die.

For lo ! the vine thy hand did plant
Extends its grateful shade,
Where every tired inhabitant
May sit, nor be afraid ;
Its fair succession spreads apace,
Till scarce the land has room,
Foretold, like Banquo's kingly race,
To stretch till *crack of doom*.

O, may thy light, which lingers yet,
Long to our wishes fond,
Give promise, by its glorious set,
Of better things beyond :
A happy fate, old man, be thine,
Deserving of thy fame,
And robes reserved in worlds divine,
As pure as thine own name !



BISHOP GRISWOLD'S MEMORIAL.

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HIS DEATH, FEBRUARY 15, 1844.

"As Elisha witnessed the translation of Elijah, so we could hardly hope anything better for his successor than that the mantle of this our father in Israel might rest upon him." — W. C.

"I was present, with several of the clergy, about ten minutes after his death, which, as you know, took place in Bishop EASTBURN's study. It was a scene long to be remembered. There lay the good old man, extended at full length on the floor, more majestic and commanding of presence in death than I had ever beheld him in life. His silver hairs spread a kind of halo round his head, and, his blue cloak wrapped gracefully round his limbs, with his arms crossed on his bosom, he looked like a Christian 'warrior taking his rest.' " — *Letter from Rev. J. L. WATSON.*

THE funeral year has through its circle run,
And Memory's spells the solemn scene renew,
When, like Elijah, thy good mission done,
Leaving thy mantle with thy chosen one,^a
Thy sainted spirit to its source withdrew;

^a His successor.

And Reverence still, in many a prophet's son,
To Bethel comes, and stands afar to view,
And prays that he on whom thy titles rest
May be both with thy robe and with thy spirit blest.

Methinks I see thee, as I oft have seen
In other days, so chastened and resigned,
Serving the Lord, as with a prophet's mien,
Or Paul's, in all humility of mind.
I see thy trials on thy faded cheek,
But thine endurance in thy brow serene,
Thy look elate, but yet subdued and meek,
Thy seraph smile, and sweet unconscious air
That threw a glory round thine apostolic chair.

Long had I loved thee with a filial heart,
And mourn thee with a deep and sorrowing
love,—
Thrice happy, might I hope to bear a part
In the same mansions of the house above.
May I be *with* thee, where thy lot shall be,
And grow more *like* thee, in thy simple guise,
Thy unaffected truth's sincerity,
And all that made so lovely in our eyes
The quiet, childlike heart, which God doth highly
prize.

Father, whose life was thus devoid of pride,
 Thus lowly wise, on winning souls intent,
Let not thy ransomed spirit now be tried,
Among the myriads of the glorified,
 By any pledge of love on thee misspent.
Thou wouldest not ask a costly monument,
Nor joy to see the storied rock assume
 Thy living shape ; or sculptured figures, bent
In mimic sorrow o'er a garnished tomb,
Enshrine thy place of rest amid the minster's gloom.

But rather, as on earth thou oft hast prayed,
 Wouldst pray, that all who loved thee, far or
nigh, —
Priest, Levite, elder, matron, youth, and maid,
On whom thy hands in solemn rites were laid, —
 Might grow in every grace as years went by,
And, stirring up the gift through thee conveyed,
 Have their blest record with thine own on high ;
And, walking in the steps which thou hast trod,
Be thy memorial dear, alike to man and God.



LINES

WRITTEN IN THE CHAMBER WHERE BISHOP HOBART
DIED, ON THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY.

OUR house, whereon dark clouds have lowered,
Is once more desolate,
And hushed the solemn chamber where
The good man met his fate.
Pass lightly up the echoing stairs,
And look in silence round,
And take thy shoes from off thy feet,
For this is holy ground.

Here stood, erewhile, his dying couch,
Against this crimsoned wall,
Where, quivering through the locust-leaves,
The setting sunbeams fall.
Here last he saw yon glorious orb,
Like his, descending low,
And through the casement pour, as now,
That rich autumnal glow.

But dwell not on the painful scene,
Nor, rapt in vision, muse,
Till in the sadness of the past
The present good we lose.
No sun could make more golden set,
Nor leave a track more bright,
Than his, whose radiant memory still
Fills all our courts with light.

Look earthward forth, and see, fast by
The oracle of God,
And mark the well-worn churchyard path,
The last his footsteps trod.
Pass through the Gothic porch, and view
The chancel's choicest trust,
Where all but speaks, in lifelike grace,
His monumental bust.

The pilgrim at Iona's shrine
Forgets his journey's toil,
As faith rekindles in his breast
On that inspiring soil ;
And those who trace in Heber's steps
Carnatic wood and wave,
A portion of his spirit seek
By their apostle's grave.

And here *our* prophet's sons shall oft
Their father's ear recall,
And here on each successor's head
His reverend mantle fall.

“Here may they hope to fill the breach,
Like him the plague to stay,
While in his thrilling tones they preach,
And with his fervour pray.”

Thus, Auburn, shall thy hallowed haunts
Be sought from age to age,
And hither sons of holy Church
Make pious pilgrimage.
And though some bitter memories
Must dash the past with pain,
Sweet village, thou shalt ever be
The loveliest of the plain !





MEMORIAL

OF MY BELOVED FRIEND AND PREDECESSOR, THE REV.
WILLIAM LUCAS.

THREE years ago, dear friend, to-day,
Thy chastened spirit passed away;

 And, musing in the room,
The last thy earthly footsteps trod,
In walk, like Enoch, close with God,
 Light kindles up the gloom.

In all thy steps thus may I tread,
And feed the flock as thou hast fed,
 And make my lot my choice,
Till, reaping where thou well hast sown,
At harvest home, before the throne,
 I may with thee rejoice !



AD AMICUM.

FRIEND of my early youth,
Whom each succeeding year,
Disclosing depths of love and truth,
Has made to me more dear :
The spell, at length, is burst
That kept me dumb so long,
And at my heart, as at the first,
Old friendship's pulse is strong.

The scales fall from our eyes,
Nor darkly now we see
How youngest hearts may realize
That life is vanity.
How valueless now seem
Its passing smiles and tears !
Like dreams remembered in a dream
Its imagery appears.

O, lovely was the sight,
When last I saw thy son,
And hailed the promise with delight
With which his youth begun.
It brought to mind the days
Of our own golden age,
Ere yet we took the separate ways
Of manhood's pilgrimage.

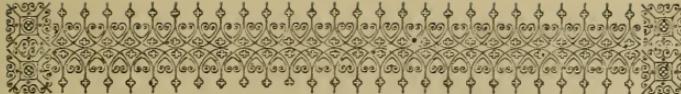
As in that fairy-land
Through which we trod when boys,
Pursuing ever, hand in hand,
Our studies and our joys,
We saw him pressing o'er
The selfsame pleasant road,
Where we had passed so long before,
To learning's high abode.

But ah ! how soon the train
Of visions melts like foam !
We search for that sweet face in vain
In thy afflicted home.
How hast thou borne the blow
By which the wreck was made ?
And tears that in such anguish flow,
How shall their course be stayed ?

I, that did once rejoice
To be the bridegroom's friend,
Till I can cheer thee with my voice,
Some soothing strain would send.
But who but God can dry
The fountains of thy grief?
And when the merry-hearted sigh,
Who else can give relief?

O, in this dark eclipse,
Though all be gloom beneath,
Methinks I hear some angel lips
These words of comfort breathe :
“ Believers, doubt not this,—
All that GOD takes, and more,
In that approaching world of bliss
He will, through CHRIST, restore.”





STANZAS

WRITTEN IN A COPY OF MILTON'S POEMS,

THE GIFT OF A FRIEND WHO DIED AT SEA.

THY cherished gift, departed friend,
With trembling I unfold,
And fondly gaze upon its lids,
In crimson wrought, and gold.
I open to its dirge-like strain
On one who died at sea ;
And as I read of Lycidas,
I think, the while, of thee.

Thy languid spirit sought in vain
The beautiful Azores,
But, ere it reached the middle main,
Was rapt to happier shores.
As in a dream-like, halcyon calm,
It entered on its rest,
Amid the groves of Paradise,
And islands of the blest.

Kind friends afar, at thy behest,
Had fitted bower and hall
To entertain their kindred guest
In ever green Fayal.
In greener bowers thy bed is made,
And sounder is thy sleep,
Than ever life had known, among
The chambers of the deep.

No mark along the waste may tell
The place of thy repose ;
Yet there is ONE who loved thee well,
And loved by thee, who knows.
And though now sunk, like Lycidas,
Beneath the watery floor,
Yet His great might that walked the waves
Shall thy dear form restore.

Though years must first pass by, no time
His purpose shall derange,
And in his guardianship thy soul
Shall suffer no sea change.
And when the depths give back their charge,
O, may our welcome be
With thine, among Christ's ransomed throngs,
Where there is no more sea !



FRAGMENT.

TRUST me, Cousin Bess,
Full many a day my memory has played
The creditor with me on your account,
And made me shame to think that I should owe
So long the debt of kindness. But in truth,
Like Christian on his pilgrimage, I bear
So heavy a pack of business, that albeit
I toil on mainly in one twelve hours' race,
Time leaves me distanced. Loath indeed were I
That for a moment you should lay to me
Unkind neglect. Mine, cousin, is a heart
That smokes not, yet methinks there should be
some
Who know how warm it beats. I'm no sworn
friend
Of half an hour, as apt to leave as love.

Mine are no mushroom feelings, that spring up
At once, without a seed, and take no root,
Wisely distrusted. In a narrow sphere,
The little circle of domestic life,
I would be known and loved. The world beyond
Is not for me. And, Bessy, sure I think
That you should know me well, for you and I
Grew up together; and when we look back
Upon old times, our recollections paint
The same familiar faces.





TO A CHILD,

ON HER BIRTHDAY, IN SEPTEMBER.

STEEPED in the soft September light,
What mellowing hues array
The forward view! — so pure and bright
Be all thy life's long day;
A dewy lustre thus be shed,
A sweet and soothing calm
Swim in thine eye, and o'er thy head
Fall on thy soul like balm.

May Heaven preserve each dainty tress
From all that would destroy,
As, in thy playful restlessness,
They seem to share thy joy;
Good angels shelter from all ills
The fast-maturing grace,
That with a saddening sweetness fills
Thy *penserosa* face.

Oft as I turn from year to year,
And days of absence roll,
I'll bind thy vision, made more dear
By memory, to my soul;
I'll pray that he by whom 't is won
May keep thy minstrel boon,
A singing heart, in unison
With every darling tune.



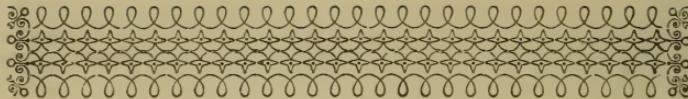


TO SOPHIA.

“The fear of the Lord, that is wisdom.”

SUCH wisdom as thy name implies
And all who seek may find,
Be ever honoured in thine eyes,
And treasured in thy mind ;
Its glory more than gold or gem
Thy happy brow shall deck,
Be on thy head a diadem,
And pearls about thy neck.

For they who fear the Lord shall be
Unto salvation wise ;
And mighty is the mystery
Which in that sentence lies ;
Unmoved by other fear or shame,
Let but that fear be thine,
And in the spirit of thy name
Pursue the life divine.

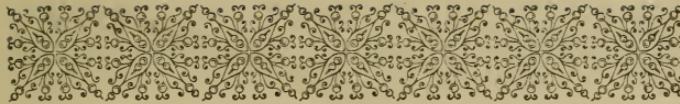


TO A LADY,

WITH A SPRIG OF MYRTLE.

O, THOSE were happy times, I think,
When symbolizing leaves
Conveyed, instead of pen and ink,
The thoughts that love conceives.
No soiling, then, of dainty skin :
Besides, the token sweet
From each obtruding gaze kept in
The mystery complete.

Mere words are all too rude and rough ;
Nor can the tongue reveal,
In terms half delicate enough,
What raptured spirits feel.
But worlds of tender sentiment
In one green spire may lie,
And kindred hearts know more is meant
Than meets the stranger's eye.



FOR A CHILD'S ALBUM.

DEAR child of many a hope and prayer,
 Write in this little book
No thought on which thou wouldest not dare
 To have thy Saviour look.
On every line, O, may He pour
 Some glimmering of that ray
Which shineth ever more and more
 Unto the perfect day.

Thine be a daily growth in grace,
 Whatever else betide,
In favour with our rescued race,
 And God be on thy side ;
Thine, too, in holiest purity
 An upward path to trace,
Till, with thine angel, thou shalt see
 In heaven thy Father's face.



FRAGMENT.

ON GIVING THE NAME OF A DEPARTED CHILD TO
HER NEW-BORN SISTER.

'T WOULD seem to blot her from her place.
Though she, to fill one bitter cup,
Hath died, we must not thus efface
Her memory. No! we reckon up
The lost, who slumber in their grave,
As ours. We cite their several names,
Which He, who now hath taken, gave;
And love as well the absent claims
As this new born. 'T would give me pain
To hear them call another JANE.

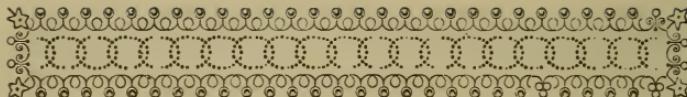


HOME.

I KNEW my father's chimney-top,
Though nearer to my heart than eye,
And watched the blue smoke reeking up
Between me and the winter sky.

Wayworn I traced the homeward track
My wayward youth had left with joy ;
Unchanged in soul I wandered back,
A man in years, in heart a boy.

I thought upon its cheerful hearth,
And cheerful hearts' untainted glee,
And felt, of all I'd seen on earth,
This was the dearest spot to me.



ABSENCE.

O, WHEN shall I be restored
To the place that is kept for me
Around the hearth, and around the board,
In my father's family ?

When shall my mother's eye
My coming footsteps greet,
With a look of days gone by,
Tender and gravely sweet ?

I know, when the prayer is said,
That for me warm bosoms yearn,
For me fond tears are shed !
O, when shall I return ?



THE TWO GRAVES.

THERE is a struggle and a strife
 Within me, as I bid adieu
To all my household friends in life,
 And may not say the same to you,
But leave once more, dear kindred dead !
 Your lowly tombs unvisited :

To leave unmarked the heaving waves
 Of that still burial-ground,
Where four long years above your graves
 The thickened turf has bound ;
And think that that rank-bladed sod
 May ne'er again by me be trod.

But oftener shall my bosom yearn
Toward your calm bed of ease,
And thither thought and feeling turn
In their sad reveries ;
And never shall that cherished spot
Be in my stricken heart forgot.

The chain of grief, time-drawn to length,
That binds me there to both,
Alas ! it strengthens with my strength,
It groweth with my growth ;
And, even now, my spirit sinks
To drag its still increasing links.

When thou wast called away, — the first
In burial as in birth, —
I thought thy parents' souls would burst
At thy return to earth,
And prayed to bear the grief alone,
Nor add their anguish to my own.

It was too much to feel my heart
So unprepared, my brother !
With thee in this vain world to part,
Or meet thee in another.
O, may my peace, like thine, be made
Ere my cold corse is near thee laid !

While yet we struggled to sustain
The drear, soul-sinking weight,
The fatal shaft was bent again
At us disconsolate,
And thou wast summoned next,— the best,
The youngest, and the loveliest.

The seeds of visible decay
Were in thee from that hour,
And thenceforth thou didst pine away,
And wither like a flower.
O God ! it was a grievous thing
To see thy bitter suffering.

Then came the poignancy of woe,
The acme of distress,
The pangs which parents only know
When they are daughterless ;
But still they struggled on, and still
Submitted to their Maker's will.

Now all that of thy form survives
Is at thy brother's side,
For ye were lovely in your lives,
And death did not divide ;
And all that memory brings of thee
Is to my bosom agony.

The relics of thy golden hair,
Thy books, and dresses gay
Which it was joy to see thee wear
Upon a holiday,—
These things, alas! now thou art gone,
It wrings my heart to look upon.

Sometimes thy silvery voice I hear
Where children are at play,
But dare not lift my eye for fear
The spell will melt away;
Too well I know the grave denies
Thy image to my waking eyes.

Still it has been to me a dear,
Though desperate delight,
To meet thee in my dreams, and hear
Thee bless my sleeping sight;
And waking from those visions vain,
I've wept to dream them o'er again.

And yet, so pure, why should I weep
Thy early death, sweet child?
How might we hope on earth to keep
Thy spirit undefiled?
What but thy prompt departure hence
Could save thy angel innocence?

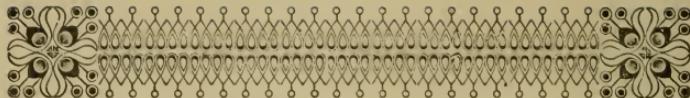
*Yes, when I see, beloved child !
The evil ways of men,
My soul is more than reconciled
To thy departure then ;^a
And blessings flow to Him that died
That sinners might be sanctified.*

Now thou art in the Spirit-land,
With the holy and the blest,
Where the wicked cease to trouble, and
The weary are at rest ;
And I am happy, since I know
That thou shalt be forever so.

^a These four lines are virtually quoted from a beautiful little poem, by Caroline Bowles, addressed “To a Dying Infant” : —

“ I look around, and see
The evil ways of men ;
And, O beloved child !
I’m more than reconciled
To thy departure then.”





NEW-YEAR THOUGHTS.

MY Muse is no migrating bird,
Nor one that sleeps the cold away ;
But in her parlour cage is heard
Still piping her perennial lay.
While o'er the sea her tribes retire,
She, though a patient sufferer,
Keeps, from her prison by the fire,
The household in a cheerful stir.

What dearer lesson to impart
To murmuring minds than her rich song ? —
“ Abate no jot of hope or heart,
Though days grow short, and cold grows strong.
Though pent up in a straitened room,
Break out, like me, in merriest strain,
And rise above the circling gloom
Till better days come round again.”

How much we need such song of cheer,
 He will not ask who looks, I ween,
Where through the portals of the year
 The wintry world without is seen ;
He will not ask who sees the sky
 Lowering with grim and murky face,
Or hears the boding frost-wind sigh
 Around his ice-bound dwelling-place.

He will not ask who sees the crowd,
 In twilight dim, so hurrying past,
All muffled to the eyes, and bowed
 Before the keen and biting blast ;
He will not ask who promptly goes,
 On such a night, at duty's call,
'Mid hail, and sleet, and drifting snows,
 And storm-drops freezing as they fall.

- He will not ask who has to do,
 These dismal times, with suffering men,
And follows famine's ghastly crew
 To misery's cold and squalid den,
Where fires are out, or burning low,
 And through broad chinks and broken panes
The scythe-like air sweeps to and fro,
 Curdling the life-blood in the veins.

He will not ask who climbs the stair,
Where, reft of fuel, fire, and food,
A mother sits, like wan despair,
 Benumbed amid her huddling brood ;
Where hopeless woe and hunger steel
 To every form of ill the mind,
Half crazed by sense of what they feel,
 And fear of what is worse behind.

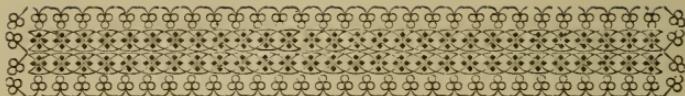
O, wouldest thou keep thy heart in tune
 'Mid fireside joys, thy spirit lift,
Like song of bird in gay saloon,
 Or blossoms in the snowy drift ;
With deeds of love thy joys expand,
 And deal the blessings of thy lot
On every side, with generous hand,
 To aching throngs that have them not

Go, warm the cold ; go, clothe the bare ;
 Go, feed the starved ones at thy door ;
And let the empty-handed share
 From out thy basket and thy store ;
Go, wipe from misery's eye the tear,
 Take by the hand affliction's son ;
And happy shall be all the year
 That is thus happily begun.

Go, give the sick and weary rest ;
Gladden the cells where prisoners lie ;
Pour balm and oil in wounded breast,
And soothe the soul about to die.
Go where thy name a blessing draws
From rescued lips on such employ ;
Partake the bliss of those who cause
The widow's heart to sing for joy.

Do thus, and thou shalt go to rest
With music round thy midnight bed,
And, blessing, shall be trebly blessed
For each such soul thus comforted.
Thy sun shall make a golden set
This New Year's day, and be by far
The happiest day that ever yet
Was lettered in thy calendar !





A NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

FROM THE DESK OF POOR RICHARD, JR.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR, patrons, friends !
Incline a gracious ear
To what Poor Richard, junior, sends
 To prove his wish sincere ;
And do not grudge, he says, to take
 Out of his earthen jar
True treasures, for the giver's sake,
 If they true treasures are.

As pure, through Bozra's shallowest stream,
 Oft glitter grains of gold,
And fair the blesséd flowerets gleam
 From sods all dull and cold ;

So those who prized old Richard's prose,
Will not to-day disdain
Whatever wholesome precept glows
Beneath the carrier's strain.

Ye who would change these evil days,
And have them truly blest,
Must make, in ancient Richard's phrase,
Of everything the best:
And each, though knowing but in part
The mystery of sin,
Must cure in his own evil heart
His evil's origin.

The secret is, Poor Richard says,
But understood by few,
That they have happiest New Year's days
Who have the most to do:
The poor rejoiceth in his tasks,
With present good content,
And sweet his daily bread who asks
But to be innocent.

He little knows the bitter cost
At which the rich increase;
The hours of sweet composure lost,
And compensating peace;

He little knows their waking toils,
 Their visions of distress,
Who dream, amid their hoarded spoils,
 Of fortune's fickleness.

Cups strive to hold, Poor Richard writes.
 The bucket's draught in vain ;
Nor can man's straitened appetites
 More than their fill contain.
Enjoyment has its bounds, though deep
 Be wealth's unfailing spring,
And all our chiefest comforts keep
 In moderation's ring.

Labour to pleasure giveth zest,
 Which gold can never win ;
Cheap recreations are the best,
 And none so dear as sin.
True joy is where yon visitant
 Some broken spirit cheers,
And where the pale, lank cheek of want
 Is wet with grateful tears.

A bold, bad man, or fool, is he
 Who dare the cup refuse
Which mercy mixeth lovingly,
 And would his neighbour's choose.

We know the worst of what we are,
But not another's curse ;
And certain bad is better far
Than dread of something worse.

Poor Richard knows full well distress
Is real, and no dream ;
And yet life's bitterest ills have less
Of bitter than they seem.
Meet like a man thy coward pains,
And some, be sure, will flee ;
Nor doubt the worst of what remains
Will blessings prove to thee.

And thou, whose days abundance bring,
Give needy men their due ;
Who saves the poor from suffering,
May save from sinning too.
And be thou slow to wield the rod
When others do thee wrong,
And bear awhile with them, when God
Hath borne with thee so long.

On you alone, of lily kind,
Effeminate and pale,
Who idle in the summer wind,
Poor Richard fain would rail,

Because ye have not toiled and spun
As sister lilies might,
Nor are ye wise as Solomon,
Though gaudier to the sight.

Your only place, ye well-arrayed,—
Poor Richard thinks,—for whom
The world is under tribute laid
For finery and perfume,
Soon as your well-anointed hair
Is long enough to braid,
Should be with some man-milliner,
To learn a useful trade.

These are a few of Richard's rules ;
Nor does he much expect
To found, amid the rival schools,
A very numerous sect ;
Nor will he longer moralize,
Lest he should prove severe ;
Enough is said to help the wise
To make a happy year !



VALENTINE.

I.

AGAIN the fated hours have come,
As holy legends tell,
When Valentine in martyrdom
A blessed victim fell ;
And doubt thou not, one wish of thine,
O gentle maid ! would make,
This day, thy chosen Valentine
A martyr for thy sake.

By ice and snow though severed wide,
Naught else, O maiden true !
Of cold or distance shall divide
Between myself and you ;
Though many a bond in sunder parts,
Snapped by this frosty weather,
It shall but keep two loving hearts
Still closer bound together.



VALENTINE.

II.

“ Nec me meminisse pigebit **ELISE**,
Dum memor ipse mei, dum spiritus hos regit artus.
Pro re pauca loquar.”

No season this for leaves and flowers ;
And wandering birds who seek a mate,
'Mid wintry winds and snowy showers,
Find all forlorn and desolate.
They come too soon, or Spring too late ;
A caution, as it were, to me,
Lest I should rashly tempt my fate,
And disappoint my destiny.

My heart, so like the season, cold,
Has lost its once elastic spring,
And warns me I am much too old
To go again *philandering* ;
And yet, could youth replume its wing,
And love inspire the thrilling line,
Not Petrarch's self such stores should bring,
To win thee for his VALENTINE.



VALENTINE.

III.

“ O thou sweet spirit, hear !
Hear the mild spell, and tempt no blacker charm ! ”

LADY ! beneath a potent sign,
I hail thee from afar,
For 't is the night when Valentine
Reigns in the calendar ;
And he my patron saint above
All other saints shall be,
Who suffered for devoted love,
And manly constancy.

Few reliques of his mortal part,
And fewer still, I ween,
Of his true love and tender heart,
In these cold days are seen :
But if his spirit still may rest
On earth, O, be it mine,
Till I, dear maid, shall stand confessed
Thy faithful Valentine !



A VALENTINE.

IV.

I STAND the fated hours among;
And ere their spell depart,
I would not leave thee all unsung,
Fair lady of my heart!
Though wintry airs are wondrous sharp,
Though storms obscure the moon,
And cold has snapped thy strings, poor harp !
My heart is still in tune.

Yes, let the world without be chill,
Let all be wild and wet,
The fire within glows brightly still,
The pulse throbs warmly yet;
Nor will it throb, dear maid, in vain :
How rude soe'er the line,
Thy gentle heart will not disdain
Thine own true Valentine.



THE CHAPEL BELL, YALE COLLEGE.

FROM THE MANUSCRIPT OF A LATE POOR SCHOLAR.

“The chapel bell with grief they heard,
The dinner bell with glee.” — *Old Song.*

DAN CHAUCER, in my dreaming ear
Methinks thou reasonest well,—
“ What jingleth in the wind so clear
As doth the chapel bell ? ”
The tongue, that once roused holy clerk
To lauds and primes, is still,
In college towers, as hard at work,—
As lively and as shrill.

That chapel bell no ear forgets
That once its voice has known,
And way of turning somersets
Peculiarly its own :

Hark ! how they follow round and round,
And oft in silence dance,
As if, for very joy, the sound
Had lost its utterance !

Alas ! old chapel bell, to me,
Whose precious dreams are broke
By these remains of Popery,
Thy jargon is no joke !
I 've mixed too much with Protestants,
And trust I ever shall,
To relish these monastic haunts,
And hours canonical !

O, dull as lead that scene of gloom
Where students stretch and yawn,
Pent up in recitation-room
An hour before the dawn ;
Well may the cheek with blushes glow,
To think of wrongs then done
Thy injured shade, O Cicero !
And thine, O Xenophon !

A fig for all affected talk
Of early matin prayers,
Of long and lone suburban walk,
And bracing morning airs ;

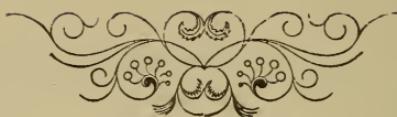
If stomachs are unbreakfasted,
The case can scarce be worse ;
And if as empty is the head,
'T is sure a *double* curse.

I 'll bless my stars, which shine so bright,
When I shall be no more
Compelled to rise by candle-light,
And vote the stars a bore.
I 'll laugh as I have never laughed,
Nor dread the coming ill
Of meeting some protested draft
Of monitorial bill.

O, how I grudge that graduate's luck
Who has of sleep his fill,
And snores like Captain Clutterbuck,
Released from morning drill.
He rises not at tuck of drum,
Nor with the daybreak gun,
Nor always, it is said by some,
With wintry's tardy sun.

Like him, these summons I 'll deride,
Draw closer down my cap,
And, turning on my other side,
Resume my morning nap.

I 'll linger for a richer tone,
Till in the breakfast bell
I feel, and, with the poet, own
Thy touch, Ithuriel !





AN APOLOGY.

FROM A ROCK CALLED THE POET'S SEAT.

EMERGING from the storied wood,
Enforced, I took the poet's seat ;
Inspiring faces o'er me stood,
And Greenfield lay beneath my feet.
With lulling sound I heard fast by
The unseen river's broken flows,
And all things seemed to multiply
One image of serene repose.

I little thought, 'mid musings vain,
How like that stone to fate of bard, —
Rich visions floating round his brain,
But ah ! his seat, so lone and hard !
Of friendship and of feeling full,
How little, in his weakness, dreamt he
That head and fancy both were dull,
And, like his rocky inkstand, empty !



ARCHITECTURAL.

"HOUSES OF WORSHIP."

PRAY tell me, is yon classic dome,
Hemmed in on either flank,
Designed for God's or Mammon's home,—
A temple or a bank?
And tell me why, to human eyes,
No outward signs declare
If it be house of merchandise,
Or holy house of prayer.

The Hindoo pagod's towers are gay
With flaunting banners set;
And crescents in the sunbeams play
On mosque and minaret:
As by the Synagogue I went,
Some months ago, I saw
Conspicuous in the pediment
The tables of the law.

But who shall say of this unique
With what it has to do,
Or Catholic, or Heretic,
Or Pagan, Turk, or Jew ?
Or that new pantheistic sect
Whose creeds with all accord,
Who worship, with a like respect,
“Jehovah, Jove, or Lord”?

O, why should Christian men thus fear
To lift on every shrine
The symbol to their souls most dear,
Faith’s sure and steadfast sign ;
That swerves not when the vanes are whirled,
The sport of every breeze,
As fitful as this fickle world,
Or fancy’s reveries ?

But look on all the neighboring spires,
And see it written plain,
The shape which most the town admires
Is, like its name, *but vain*.
The Cross is still a stumbling-block,
And noisy Gushfords vaunt
That nothing but your weathercock
Is purely Protestant.

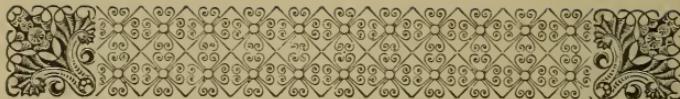
There were some reason on their side,
If these same cocks could crow
As often as is Christ denied
By those who meet below;
Or could they warn the wavering,
By passion tossed and doubt,
Of their unrest whom every wind
Of doctrine veers about.





NAHANT.

Rocks, sands, and seas,
What charms hast thou but these,
 O desolate Nahant !
Rocks, sands, and seas,
Twelve grotesque cottages,
And six storm-beaten trees,
 Struck all aslant !



OLD NORTH COCK.

ROOSTED upon his ancient boll,
Last night, sat the old North cock,
In the midst of a terrible northeast squall
Which made the steeples rock,
And waked the watchmen one and all,
As the bell tolled twelve o'clock.

With head erect and unruffled form,
The hearty and tough old cock,
Through wind and rain, and cold and warm,
All weathers continues to mock ;
And he whisked him round to face the storm,
And breasted himself to the shock.

O image of triple *guilt*, quoth I,
I should very much like to know

If you have a bit of reason why,
While all these changelings here below,
Like Peter of old, their Lord deny,
You never were known to crow.

Whist! whist! quoth Chanticleer, you're slow;
How could I crow as fast or
Oft, as these my friends below,
And each misguiding pastor,
And the *Priestly* men who teach them so,
Deny their Lord and Master?





NEW HAVEN.

A WINDOW in a picture-shop ; it brought all back
to me
The churches and the colleges, and each familiar
tree ;
And, like a sunlit emerald, came glancing out, be-
tween
Its pretty, snow-white palisades, the verdure of “the
Green.”

O, could I write an Ode, like Gray’s, *upon a distant
view*
Of Eton College, — could I draw the pictures that
he drew, —
How would the pleasant images that round my
temples throng
Live in descriptive dactyls, and look verdantly, in
song !

“*Tres faciunt collegium,*” each jurist now agrees;
Which means, in the vernacular,—a college
made of *trees*;

And, *bosomed high in tufted boughs*, yon venerable
rows

The maxim in its beauty and its truth alike disclose.

Not so when, lit with midnight oil, the casements in
long line,

(Where more is meant than meets the eye,) like
constellations shine;

And, alma-mater like, the kine, from dairy fields
astray,

Make every passage where they pass a sort of milky
way.

And on the green and easy slope where those proud
columns stand,

In Dorian mood, with academe and temple on each
hand,

The football and the cricket-match upon my vision
rise,

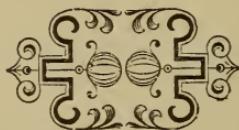
With all the clouds of classic dust kicked in each
other’s eyes.

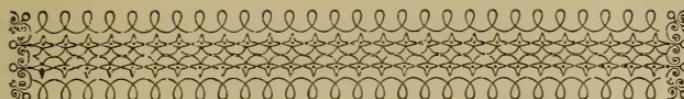
I see my own dear mother Church, that warned me
from my sin,

The walls so Gothic all without, so glorious all within,

And, emblem of that ancient faith her hallowed
courts that fills,
Reared from the adamantine rock, the everlasting
hills.

O, could the vista of my life but now as bright ap-
pear
As when I first through Temple Street looked down
thine espalier,
How soon to thee, my early home, would I once
more repair,
And cheer again my sinking heart with my own
native air !





PRISON HYMN, BY MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

JEHOVAH, my Saviour,
My confidence Thou ;
O loveliest Jesus,
Deliver me now !
In closest immurings,
In cruel endurings,
My flesh and my spirit cry out after Thee !
I languish
In anguish,
And, bending the knee,
Adore Thee,
Implore Thee
To liberate me.



LAKE OWASCO.

“One of the seven fair lakes that lie
Like mirrors ‘neath the summer sky.”

ENSEMORE.

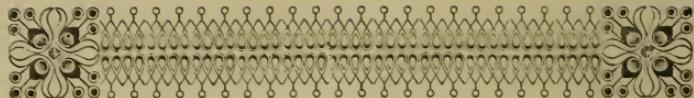
FAIR upon thy tranquil face
The gilded clouds, in rich array,
Reflected pass, and leave no trace,—
Types of thy people passed away !
And he who through thy pictured page
Looks deepest down, with rapture sees,
Like relics of that long-lost age,
The glimmerings of dim mysteries.

Well may the statesmen, for such seats,
Resign the empire’s helm awhile,
And deep within thy green retreats
The languid summer hours beguile.
Here Scipio had, in joy, repaired
With Lælius, at the Senate’s close,
And by thy shaded strand had shared
The charms of friendship and repose.

Bright visions haunt thy storied dells,
Nor may thy crystal waters drown
The mingled pomps of poet's spells,
And legends of thine old renown.
To fancy's ear they utter speech
In tones unsyllabled before,
And every ripple on the beach
Seems faintly whispering, "ENSENORE!"

L





ALBANY.

“Genus unde Latinum
ALBANIQUE PATRES atque ALTE M̄ENIA ROMÆ.”

INSTINCT with filial love I come, O ancient Albany !
My childhood's faithful nurse, to pay the tribute
due to thee ;
For in thy dear domestic haunts I learned my ear-
liest song,
And manhood's riper minstrelsies to thee of right
belong !
When, after many weary years, again to thee I drew,
And suddenly from Greenbush side the landscape
burst to view,
How thrilled my pulse, how swelled my heart, upon
that lofty height !
For never in my life, methought, saw I a fairer sight.

Thy gilded spires and pinnacles rose glittering in
the sun,
And each familiar edifice I counted one by one,
As, row on row descending steep, they met the
river shore,
Which, sheathed in winter's icy mail, with masts
was bristled o'er.
Though sharply blew the northern wind, so bri-
lliant was the scene,
So shone the noble stream that lay in glassy bonds
between,
I felt thou wert a spectacle of stirring power to
see,
And proudly hailed thee as mine own, O ancient
Albany !

Yet brighter than that spectacle, that prospect's
fair array,
Or Nature in her purity that round about me lay,
A dearer vision chained my soul more touching far
than these,
And peopled all the pictured past with busy mem-
ories.
O, let me in my weakness give these childish feel-
ings way,
That rush upon me as I weave my humble verse
to-day,

Nor wonder if the spells of youth, strong as enchantment's chain,
Should bind me to the single theme, and quite absorb the strain.

What troops of stirring images my brooding fancy fill,

Oft as I turn my glistening gaze to Capitol and Hill !
As fast they rush as when, of yore, with many a reckless boy,

I glided down its dangerous slope, and *snatched a fearful joy.*

Where are the partners of those feats, the striplings one and all,

Who sat with me at Wisdom's feet in old "Uranian Hall,"

Ere yet the genius of the place her fostering care withdrew,

To gather fitter audience there, and fairer though less few ?

How small their living number now ! how many in their grave,

The gallant and the generous, the beautiful and brave !

And hearts are broke and eyes are dim which then with lustre shone,

And each stands in the other's sight unknowing and unknown.

While thus our cycles sadly pass, and flesh and blood
decay,
How good to know that all we prize has not yet
passed away,—
That while earth's generations change, as years have
come and gone,
Still Freedom's precious heritage of human rights
lives on !

Still peers the self-same Capitol upon the city's
brow,
Though loftier to my boyhood's eye, yet not more
dear than now ;
Nor less illustrious on its rolls its statesmen's glory
shines,
True to their common country each, though ranged
in adverse lines.
In democratic majesty again around me rise
Its long processions of the past, the mighty and the
wise,
The men of reverend name who there discharged
their honoured trust,
And filled my soul with wisdom's words and senti-
ments august.
There first I marked his high career, whose early
merit won
The choicest of his epithets, "the people's favourite
son ;"

Who to the triumph in the van led on the Empire
State,
And now in highest sphere adorns his country's
consulate.

Long may the Alban fathers there in Roman virtue
sit,
And tire its echoes with the strains of eloquence
and wit,
And, fast emerging from the cloud and din of fac-
tious war,
Make our symbolic orb of day rise still "*Excelsior!*"
May yet the good St. Nicholas maintain our old
renown,
From worthy sire to worthier son to be transmitted
down,
And keep beneath his tutelage, till time shall cease
to be,
The trophies of thy founders' fame, O ancient *Co-*
lonie!





F R A G M E N T S .

SUNDAY MORNING.

LORD of the Sabbath, hear me, — even Thou
In the beginning who didst consecrate
A meet proportion of the new-born time
To thy perpetual service, to assist
The deep infirmities of mortal kind ;
Blessing the seventh day and hallowing it
As a memorial of thine own repose
From thy creative labors, and a pledge
And presage of the glorious rest eterne
Remaining for the Israel of God.
Here let me worship, as the Hebrew did,
In the serene of yon deep vault, ere Thou,
Half veiled within the tabernacle bright,
Madest thy pavilion in the wilderness,
Amid the long, white avenues of tents.
The world's great fathers, in those primal days,
Drowned in the abyss of ages which have been,

Made each high hill their altar. Happy they
Who met together, at this holy hour,
Beneath some mountain palm, the place of prayer
Ere temple rose, or oratory cool
Was built fast by the sea or river side.

' IN A HEBREW BIBLE WITHOUT POINTS.

Open now the Hebrew page,
Sleek and glossy spite of age ;
Unsophisticated text,
By no Masorite perplext ;
Where each character you see
In its stern simplicity.
Upright, racy, square, and bold,
Symbol of the truth they hold,
As the eye delights to track,
Row by row, the letters black,
Say, is not each martial line
Worthy of the Word divine ?

ON A SERMON-COVER.

Nor was my earliest sermon case forgot,
With velvet cover, and with vellum lined ;
The opening collects on the left-hand page,

And on the right-hand those of closing prayer,
With skill imprinted at the Wickham press.
Though soiled and worn, yet not more soiled and
worn

Than are the dingy sheets I fasten in,
Oft as I preach contemporaneous notes.
Not so the truths themselves, nor truest love,
Decay and perish, though the world wear old
And threadbare as the velvet, and the skies
Be shrivelled parchment at the day of doom !





CONVOCATION POEM.

A FRAGMENT.

[This fragment of what the author suppressed as a “wretched doggerel,” is all that is known to remain of the poem which the poet delivered before the House of Convocation of Trinity College, in the month of August, 1848. It is preserved for the interest which it shows in that seat of learning, and for the local matters to which it gives a memorial, and the useful rebukes it points. It was written *invitâ Minervâ*, in the greatest haste; it was, in fact, a sort of improvisation, and he never referred to the performance except with expressions of extreme repugnance, such as appear in the verse itself. Beginning with recollections of the Puritan College at New Haven, he refers to the pictures in the “Trumbull Gallery.”]

THERE first we gazed on the serene expanse
Of BERKELEY's bright and heavenly countenance,
And could not but contrast it, in our sport,
With thy pinched visage, prick-eared DAVENPORT;
Nor queried, as we turned to either face,
Which were the real genius of the place.

[He then takes up an idea which has been thrown out by another, in a former Convocation poem (1840), and speaks of Trinity College as the realization of Bishop Berkeley's attempt to establish St. Paul's College in Bermuda.]

Taught, (in a brother's words,) to love in thee
“Earth's every virtue, writ in poesy;”
O BERKELEY, as I read, with moistened eyes,
Of thy sublime but blasted enterprise,
Refusing, in thy pure, unselfish aim,
To sell to vulgar wealth a founder's fame,
But in thy fervour sacrificing all
To objects worthy of the name of PAUL,
What joy to see in our official line
A faith revived, identical with thine;
Pledged to fulfil the spirit of thy scheme,
And prove thy College no ideal dream!

[He next refers to the portrait of Bishop Seabury in Trinity College, mentioning the fact that Bishop Berkeley's son was a chief instrument in obtaining the consecration of Bishop Seabury by the Scottish Bishops.]

And when, on yonder walls, we now survey
The man “whose grace chalked his successor's way,”
And study, SAMUEL, thy majestic head,
By BERKELEY's son to Heaven's anointing led,
And see the ways of Providence combine
The gentle bishop with the masculine,
We pray this noblest offspring of thy see
May honour BERKELEY, nor dishonour thee.

[He now refers to Dr. Cutler, formerly Rector of Yale College, and Dr. Johnson, one of its Fellows, who in the early part of the seventeenth century became converts to the principles of the Church, from the light of their studies, and were of course deprived of their places. They went to England for orders; Cutler became Rector of Christ Church, Boston, and Johnson the father of churches and of churchmen in Connecticut. Dr. Crosswell himself, and Dr. Eaton, who were present on the occasion, were both successors of Cutler in the Rectorship of Christ Church.]

And join with these those master minds of yore
Who loved their College much, but conscience
more, —

CUTLER and JOHNSON, whom one rigorous day
Drove out from Yale, a voluntary prey,
To reap at once by Cam and Isis' side
The honours which maternal scorn denied.
Though it might well provoke their reverend smiles
To think of rivalling those immortal piles,
Yet, as aspiring over sect and clique,
To follow all that made them catholic,
If they were here, from Christ Church chimes afar,
To-day, as CUTLER'S two successors are,
They would have prayed, dear Trinity, to see
“ No drought on others, but much dew on thee.”

[Next the poet speaks of architecture, and laments the prostitution of the Gothic to common uses, and especially bewails the lack of proper chapels in American Colleges.]

Harvard and Yale have both revived the style
 And antique grandeur of some fine old pile.
 Those solemn towers, — how beautiful they stand,
 Like mighty minsters of our fatherland !
 But not, alas ! for worship ; though their looks
 Be so cathedral-like, they hold but books ;
 The form without the spirit, each retains, —
 The vizard of the fable without brains.
 And so they sever piety from art,
 Addressing more the intellect than heart.

Not to resist the truism of the hour,
 We freely grant that *knowledge may be power* ;
 But on our knees, and not on alcoved shelves,
 We find, through God, the knowledge of ourselves.

[It should be recollected that this poem was spoken in Christ Church, of which the Rev. Dr. Wheaton, its Rector, had been the architect. The poet now passes to aspirations for Trinity.]

But far from such unholy sights as these
 The hopes that haunt *our* sacred reveries :
 In yonder hall there yet is room to spare
 For store of books, — would that the books were
 there !
 But (if indeed, the love of letters hold
 Its place, as handmaid to the Faith of old)

If we would have that favoured site to be,
Above all others, "fair exceedingly,"
Let WHEATON plan, *like this*, another shrine
For purposes exclusively divine ;
Not York Cathedral "on a smaller scale,"
And "much improved where the dark ages fail ;"
Nor yet King's College Chapel, that "immense
And glorious work of fine intelligence ;"
But "*all we can*, — high Heaven disdains the lore
Of nicely-calculated less or more."
There, with the stony archwork overhead,
Beneath our feet the ashes of the dead,
And monumental effigies around,
The soul might wander as in holy ground,
And feel a soft religious sadness brood,
Deepening the spirit of its quietude.
There let the sun "salute with his first smile
Our holiest symbol crowning the dear pile ;"
And be the power of architecture shown
To lift the Athanasian Creed in stone.
Within, a tempered light, like sunset skies,
Let glimmerings of a thousand gorgeous dyes
Shed streaming down from every pictured pane
Their rainbow glories round the vaulted fane,
And through the window o'er the altar fling
The heaven-hued symbols in enamelling.
There let the organ and the strain devout
Make every stone in sympathy cry out,

Like some harmonious fabric of the Lord's,
" Whose vaults are shells, and pillars tuneful chords."—
There let the surpliced priests in order stand,—
And why not white-robed choirs on either hand ?
If this be too extravagant, a pitch,
(Alas that our endowments are not rich !)
Still, *what we can.* Let us contend, at least,
For daily service and the vested priest ;
And let the season blend, in fixed career,
The Christian and the academic year ;
Be music carried to the full extent
Allowed by ancient choral precedent ;
And let the students' well-trained voices swell
Each hoary laud, time-honoured canticle,
Which England, purged from superstition's stain,
Resumed among her earliest rites again.

[He refers next to the attempts at daily and choral services, made at Hobart College, and Burlington, and St. Paul's in Missouri,—the latter under the Rev. William Corbyn, one of Yale's Berkeley scholars.]

Hark ! the strains, increasing far and wide,
From SENEKA and graceful RIVERSIDE !
Like deep to deep the billowy anthem calls,
From far Nashotah to her own St. Paul's,
And rings through her affiliated halls.
Vale of the Cross, as gentle shepherds tell,
Such sounds are heard in thy secluded dell ;

From Corbyn's grot the self-same chant is raised,
And "daily prayer is made, and daily is HE praised."

[He recurs to the divers uses which the chapel of Yale College is made to serve, in contrast with such chapels as he has spoken of.]

Perhaps it is not scandal to compare
Such courts with that amphibious place of prayer,
(Contrived, like Goldsmith's chest, two debts to
pay,—

A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day,)
Where now awhile in worship we engage,
Then knights and squires shall enter on the stage;
Which for a time a *meeting-house* is made,
And then it glitters in a masquerade.
Four years I saw the central aisle divide
The rows of rising seats on either side,
Where double choirs, ward over against ward,
Might sing responsive praises to the Lord.
But not so these: while yet the tutor reads,
The muster-master's busy work proceeds.
In due obeisance every head was bent
Upon the entering of the President,
But 'twas a superstition for the free
At JESUS' name to bow the lowly knee.
And scarce the echoes died of prayer and praise,
Before the youths declaimed, or spouted plays.

These are the ways which in our Western climes
Make the “men-children of these forward times;”
Of whom old Dryden said, so long ago,
“But seven wise men the ancient world did know,
We scarce know seven that think themselves not
so.”

Against these evils let the CHURCH commence
Her sure protection, and her “cheap defence.”
Though worldly cares have chilled devotion’s flame,
Here let our needs a daily homage claim ;
Here let our prayers like morning incense rise,
Our lifted hands like evening sacrifice;
Devotion’s debt at morn and eve to pay,
And magnify our Saviour day by day.

In order these great objects to secure,
All must be first begun in miniature ;
And if a while your patience will but bear
With these plain couplets, I will tell you *where*.

This is the place and time ; at once begin
Here to restore the ancient discipline.
Adopt the Church’s homogeneous plan
To make *the boy the father of the man* ;
Where, in their due development, appear
The blade, the ear, the full corn in the ear,
So making good the old proverbial line,
Just as the twig is bent, the trees incline.

Let every pupil, with his sapling, aid
To fill the grounds with "shrubbery and shade ;"
Plant oaks and "elms, those undissenting trees,"
That grow not fast, but thrive for centuries;
Beneath whose shadow, ages hence, our heirs
May bless our forethought, and take thought for
theirs.

And let the English ivy, high and thick,
Conceal the tame monotony of brick,—
Amid the snows of winter ever green,
From summer suns a most refreshing screen.

Nor would my scheme reject the dining-hall,
Where what was meant for one was meant for all ;
Such as it was of old, when common food
Was made a bond of Christian brotherhood,
And each might wait, and of his Saviour learn
"To be as him that serveth," in his turn.

But first of all erect a chapel there,
And join at morn and eve in common prayer ;
If means be wanting, take yon upper room,
And teach the light "to counterfeit the gloom ;"
Then, chastening down the gaudy light of day,
Subdue the thoughts bewildered with their play,
And let the organ add its soothing sway.
Set up the holy altar there, and trail
Their young affections round the chancel pale ;

Purging the taint of heresy and schism
By constant portions of the Catechism.
In open view, let none regard the floor
Too low when prostrate mortals would adore,
But duly raise, upon their bended knees,
The full response of ancient litanies :
Invoke their Saviour in his Church's voice,
And in his eucharistic hymns rejoice.
The pointed Psalter printed in their heart,
There let them learn to bear their tuneful part,
Drilled to the cadence of that thrilling scale
Which, caught from seraphs, must o'er earth prevail.
So shall the watered seed spring up, and so
Children of grace to giant stature grow.
Nor let us see that holy place within
A priest in " broadcloth buttoned to the chin."
Holmes writes, " Heaven needs no surplice ; " as if he
Thought Heaven is pleased when men dress
slovenly.
Heaven needeth not man's wisdom, but " much less
It needeth any of man's foolishness."

If this be superstition, may we be
All guilty of it in the first degree.
Remembr'ing thus Jerusalem in mirth,
Sweet Herbert found his very heaven on earth ;
And Milton tells, as Milton only can,
What thus he learned, — poor, superstitious man !

O, on yon slope, may some such towers arise
As plumed his wings sublime for paradise !
Where, in our day, due feet might never fail,
Like his, to walk the studious cloisters' pale,
And love, like him, *the high embowed roof*
Resting on *antique pillars, massy proof,*
And catch through *storied windows richly dight*
A dim, religious, (superstitious) light :
There may we hear the *pealing organ blow*
To full-voiced choirs, antiphonal, below,
In that same service *high, and anthems clear,*
As oft with *sweetness through his charmed ear*
Dissolved great Milton's self to *ecstasies,*
And brought all heaven before his raptured eyes.

[He now suggests the building of a Senate-House, on the banks of the Hart, the river which winds about the College grounds.]

And yet another tabernacle rear
For such occasions as have brought us here !
Above the stir and din of mangling mart,
Beside the ancient passage of the HART,
Let faith and fancy help to give to fame
“A local habitation and a name.”

[Next he satirizes the Trinity College processions to Christ Church through the dusty town.]

Beneath the dog-star and midsummer heat,
Let no procession through the burning street,

With tasselled cap and academic gown,
Exposed to the annoyance of the town,
Like needless alexandrine in the song,
Or wounded snake, trail its slow length along.
Pavilioned, if it need be, in a tent,
Until some WYKEHAM makes it permanent ;
Or cloistered where o'erarching boughs have made
Refreshing *contiguity of shade* ;
There let us gather, where no sounds intrude
To break the silence of the solitude
Save song of native birds, or — piercing scream
Of railroad engine clattering o'er the stream !
If we must have processions, let them pass
When shadows lie the longest on the grass ;
And for this martial music, let there be
Such chants as floated down the sylvan Dee, —
The “Miserere mei, Domine.”
And let the bell in yonder humble tower
Wake dewy silence at an earlier hour,
And usher in, betimes, the festal day
With merry peal and changeful roundelay.

So in the morning, far from Babel's dust,
These *August* days might yet be days *august*,
And words of power the place might glorify,
Which willingly the world would not let die.
There DANA might, in happiest mood, rehearse
Some last great effort of his deathless verse ;

Or IRVING, like Arcadian, might beguile
The golden hours with his melodious style ;
Or he who takes no second living rank
Among the classics of the Church, — VERPLANCK ;
Or he whose course “right onward,” here begun,
Now sheds its brightness over Burlington,
Where our young sons like noble saplings grow,
And daughters like the polished pillars show.

[Last of all, he censures the custom of building platforms in churches, and celebrating academic festivals therein.]

My heart upbraids me, friends, with double wrong,
While I inflict and you endure the song.
Were we indeed in earnest, and sincere,
When we professed that *heaven's high gate* was here ?
And set apart forever, day and night,
These solemn courts for old liturgic rite ?
Then we must sure be wrong ; we greatly err
Who use the church worse than the theatre,
And, like false Israel, our high places raise
As scaffolds on our sacrificing days ;
Where one at least, poor victim of his kind,
If not as strong as Samson, yet as blind,
Comes sadly forth, to make Philistines sport,
And immolate himself in Dagon's court ;
Content if but the sacrifice should tend
To bring these gross abuses to an end.

Pardon thy servant, LORD, if he profane
These hallowed walls with his unworthy strain ;
Forgive, this once, all that to-day he durst —
His last transgression, as it is his first —
In telling truths which everybody knows,
But dare not speak them plainly out in prose ;
And for the future, hear his solemn pledge
To be no party to the sacrilege.

O, would we teach young scholars reverence,
Let judgment *here* begin, — “take these things
hence.”

And doubt it not, His Holy Spirit grieves
To see HIS house made like a den of thieves ;
To see a scaffold, by our graduates trod,
Erected o'er the altar of our GOD ;
And grave divines upon the platform meet,
To tread our holiest things beneath their feet.
This cannot sure be right: we ask to see,
If not perfection, yet consistency.
No wonder, where such profanation dwells,
If sons emerge precocious infidels.
O, better far, if we can find no hall
For such assembly, to have none at all ;
Or, like the sons of knighthood, take degrees
Before the altar, on our bended knees.

[He censures more severely the gross custom of leasing
pews, annually, by an auctioneer.]

Scarce more disgusting 't is, when year by year,
With his red flag, comes in the auctioneer.
Abomination, blazoned on his face,
Stands, where it ought not, in the holy place ;
Where he who sells combines with him who buys
To make God's house a house of merchandise.
Within the sacred altar's rail, or desk,
He lifts his voice in impudent burlesque ;
Lays godless hands upon the Bible lid,
Not to ask blessings, but to ask — a bid :
And voices, never heard in time of prayer,
Are emulous in loud responses there.
O, thus, methinks, might Mammon once have stood,
With that same look, and that same attitude,
And bent his downward glances to behold
Heaven's courts *inlaid with patines of bright gold*,
And, as the poet tells, admiring more
The trodden wealth of that resplendent floor
Than aught enjoyed of holy or divine,
In vision beatific, at the shrine.
But had that spirit, "least erect," the gift
With which our modern Mammon follows thrift,
He might from his high place have learned to muse
Of parcelling heaven's pure pavement into *pews* ;
Seen how to make each consecrated floor
Productive gold, that was but wood before ;
Where men have leave in narrow slips to pray,
(If pray they choose,) *provided that they pay* ;

Yet need not care to worship on their knees,
But sit, like rows of meal-sacks, at their ease.

Unless its title-deeds a falsehood tell,
The house of God cannot be man's to sell ;
Nor yet to turn, in sight of God and man,
Into a kind of college caravan.
If insincere our gift, — if we retain
Part of the price, — the gift is worse than vain.
We dare to tempt His ancient people's fate,
Whose house was left unto them desolate ;
And though no gates, like theirs, asunder start,
Nor unseen voices cry, “ Let us depart,”
The glory will have vanished, and our God
Have written on its portals, ICHABOD.

[It is due to Trinity College to state that the reforms here indicated have been more than begun, and that no College in New England can be compared with it for the beauty of its grounds, the decent order of its chapel-services, or the propriety of its public ceremonies. Nowhere is a more thorough course of instruction provided for the student, and a bright future is confidently anticipated for the College by all who regard the influences of the Church as an essential element in the full development of character.]





PSALM I.

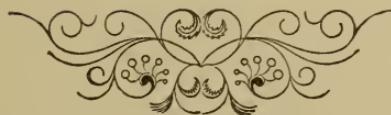
HAPPY the man who never walks
Where impious men repair,
Nor lingers in the sinner's way,
Nor takes the scoffer's chair.

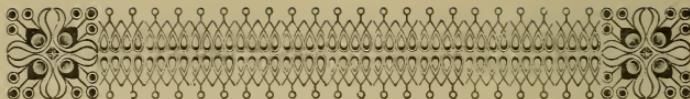
But in Jehovah's ordinance
He finds a pure delight ;
Enriching thus the orisons
Of every day and night.

He like a fruitful tree shall be,
Set by the water's brim ;
His leaf shall never fade, and all
Is prosperous with him.

Not so the impious ones ; — like chaff
Swept by the wind away,
They with the righteous shall not stand
Upon the judgment day.

They hold no place amid the just,
Whose way Jehovah knows ;
And every path of godless men
Shall in perdition close.



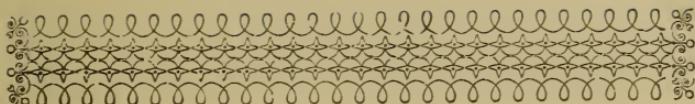


PSALM CXXXIII.

BEHOLD, how good it is,
How beautiful to see,
When brethren together dwell
In perfect unity.

Like perfume on the head,
Diffusing fragrance round
The high priest's beard, and o'er the robes
Whose fringes sweep the ground.

Like Hermon's dews which melt
Fair Zion's summits o'er;
For there Jehovah's blessing rests,
And life forevermore.



PSALM CXXXIV.

O, PRAISE Jehovah, ye
Who his true servants be,
Jehovah praise !
Ye who to stand delight,
And worship in his sight,
Nor leave his courts by night,
Jehovah praise !

With hands uplifted high,
His oracle draw nigh ;
Jehovah praise !
Till he with holiness
His tribes from Zion bless,
And heaven and earth confess
Jehovah's praise !



PSALM CXXXVII.

BY the waters of Babel we sat down and wept,
As we called our dear Zion to mind ;
And our harps that in joy we so often had swept
Now sighed on the trees to the wind.

Then they that had carried us captive away,
In mockery, challenged a song,
And wringing out mirth from our sadness, would
say,
“ Sing the strains that to Zion belong.”

O how shall we sing the ineffable song
In a godless and barbarous land ?
If the minstrels of Salem could do her such wrong,
Be palsied each cunning right hand.

Let my tongue to the roof of my mouth ever cling,
If aught else should its praises employ,
Or if Salem's high glories it choose not to sing,
Above all terrestrial joy.

Remember the children of Edom, O Lord,
How they cried, in Jerusalem's woe,
Her ramparts and battlements raze with the sword,
Her temples and towers overthrow.

O daughter of Babel ! thy ruin makes haste ;
And blessed be he who devours
Thy children with famine and misery waste,
As thou, in thy rapine, served ours.





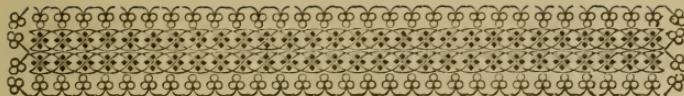
PSALM CL.

“ Hail ye the Lord ! ”

HAIL him in his sanctitude !
Hail him in his highest height !
Hail him for his deeds of good !
Hail him for his matchless might !

Hail him in the trumpet’s strain !
Hail him with the lyre and lute !
Hail him with the timbrel train !
Hail him with the strings and flute !

Hail him with the cymbal’s ring !
Hail him with their loudest chord !
Hail him, every breathing thing !
Hail, all hail, the sovereign Lord !



ADVENT.

Rejoice in the Lord alway ; and again I say, Rejoice. The Lord is at hand. — *Epistle for the Sunday before Christmas.*

Now gird your patient loins again,
Your wasting torches trim ;
The Chief of all the sons of men, —
Who will not welcome Him ?
Rejoice ! the hour is near ; at length
The Journeyer on his way
Comes in the greatness of his strength
To keep his holy day.

With cheerful hymns and garlands sweet,
Along his wintry road,
Conduct him to his green retreat,
His sheltered, safe abode ;

Fill all his courts with sacred songs,
And from the temple wall
Wave verdure o'er the joyful throngs
That crowd his festival.

And still more greenly in the mind
Store up the hopes sublime
Which then were born for all mankind,
So blessed was the time ;
And underneath these hallowed eaves
A Saviour will be born
In every heart that Him receives
On his triumphal morn.





HYMN FOR ADVENT.

WHILE the darkness yet hovers,
The harbinger star
Peers through and discovers
The dawn from afar :
To many an aching
And watch-wearied eye,
The dayspring is breaking
Once more from on high.

With lamps trimmed and burning,
The Church on her way
To meet thy returning,
O bright King of day !
Goes forth and rejoices,
Exulting and free,
And sends from all voices
Hosannas to thee.

She casts off her sorrows,
To rise and to shine
With the lustre she borrows,
O Saviour ! from thine.
Look down, for thine honour,
O Lord ! and increase
In thy mercy upon her
The blessing of peace.

Her children with trembling
Await, but not fear,
Till the time of assembling
Before thee draws near ;
When, freed from all sadness,
And sorrow, and pain,
They shall meet thee in gladness
And glory again.





CHRISTMAS.

The glory of Lebanon, etc.—ISAIAH.

THE thickly-woven boughs they wreath
Through every hallowed fane,
A soft, reviving odour breathe
Of summer's gentle reign ;
And rich the ray of mild green light
Which, like an emerald's glow,
Comes struggling through the latticed height
Upon the crowds below.

O, let the streams of solemn thought,
Which in those temples rise,
From deeper sources spring than aught
Dependent on the skies.
Then, though the summer's glow departs,
And winter's withering chill
Rests on the cheerless woods, our hearts
Shall be unchanging still.

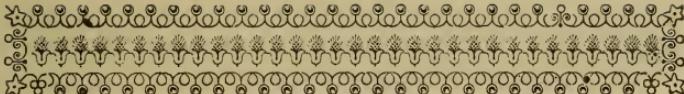


VIGIL OF THE CIRCUMCISION.

THE DYING YEAR.

HARK to thy last hour's passing knell,
A startling sound to hear :
Eternally we bid farewell
To thee, departing year !
Go join the long-gone centuries,
Thy sisters dim and gray ;
For soon, with all thy power to please,
Thou shalt be dim as they.

'T is o'er — thy weight of weal and woe,
And nearer lies the bourn
To which though all life's travellers go,
No travellers return.
O, who can read thy doomsday roll
Of days and hours misspent,
Nor seek a refuge for his soul
From their just punishment ?



THE EPIPHANY.

And when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.—*Gospel for the Day.*

WE come not with a costly store,
O Lord! like them of old,
The masters of the starry lore,
From Ophir's shores of gold;
No weepings of the incense tree
Are with the gifts we bring,
Nor odorous myrrh of Araby
Blends with our offering.

But still our love would bring its best:
A spirit keenly tried
By fierce affliction's fiery test,
And seven times purified.
The fragrant graces of the mind,
The virtues that delight
To give their perfume out, will find
Acceptance in thy sight.



FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

The merchandise of Ethiopia. — *Lesson for the Day.*

PRINCES shall come from Egypt, and
 The path of life be trod
By myriads, when the Morian's land
 Shall stretch her hand to God ;
Then Cush, and Ophir, and the sea
 No idle gifts shall bring,
But soul and body both shall be
 Their grateful offering.

The Ethiop may not change his skin,
 Nor leopard change his spot ;
But God can work a change within,
 Though man observeth not.
A holier dawn shall chase the night,
 And darkness pass away,
And these shall also walk in white,
 In Heaven's eternal day.



SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth his glory, and his disciples believed on him.—*Gospel for the Day.*

O HUMBLEST and happiest bridal of earth !
 O Cana of Galilee, blest
With the sanction of Christ for thine innocent mirth,
 That first saw His glory confessed,—
A glory enlivening the festival board,
 Increasing its generous store,
And cheering the hearts that in wonder adored,
 Till the cup of their gladness ran o'er !

And who will unbless what the Saviour has blest ?
 What being of arrogant mould
Will dare at the bridal where He is a guest,
 The cup of his favour withhold ?
And why are thy bounties, O Master ! disdained,
 When thy smile so indulgent will be,
If with conscience unwounded, and spirit unstained,
 They remind us of Cana and Thee ?



QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

A certain blind man sat by the wayside. — *Gospel for the Day.*

Poor, and desolate, and blind,
Like the wayside wanderer, we
(Saviour ! by thy grace inclined)
Fain would guide our steps to thee.
'Mid the tumult of mankind,
Still in love thou paskest by ;
Still let those who seek thee find ;
Hear our never-ceasing cry.

Darkly through our glass we see ;
Shadows wrap our loveliest day ;
Lovelier will the vision be
When the scales shall fall away.
Saviour, though a tenfold night
O'er the outward sense should roll,
Brighter let thy cloudless light
Shine forever in the soul.



LENT.

THOU who, for forty days and nights, o'ermastered
all the might

Of Satan, and the fiercest pangs of famished appe-
tite,—

O Saviour! leave us not alone to wrestle with
our sin,

But aid us in these holy hours of solemn disci-
pline.

Let not the tempter tempt us, Lord, beyond our
strength to bear,

Though, in the desert of our woe, he wildly shrieks,
Despair!

Let not our humble confidence be in thy promise
stirred,

Nor clouds of dark distrust spring up between us
and thy word.

Nor let us yet be lifted up,— by him, the prince
of air,
To scale presumption's dizzy height, and left to
perish there ;
Nor on the temple's pinnacle, in our self-righteous
pride,
Be set for thee to frown upon, and demons to deride.

And O, when pleasure, power, and pomp around
our vision swim,
And, through the soft, enchanting mist, he bids us
worship him,
Assist us from the revelling sense the sorcerer's spell
to break,
And tread the arch apostate down, Redeemer ! for
thy sake.





HYMN

FOR THE FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

GREAT Shepherd of our souls! O, guide
Thy wandering flock to feed
In pastures green, and by the side
Of stilly waters lead.
Do thou our erring footsteps keep,
Whose life was given for the sheep.

O, let not us, who fain would cleave
To thy communion, stray,
Nor, tempted into ruin, leave
The strait and narrow way :
Before us thou the path hast trod,
And thou canst lead us, Son of God.

O, let us hear thy warning voice,
And see thy arm divine;
Thou know'st the people of thy choice,
And thou art known of thine.
Do thou our erring footsteps keep,
Whose life was given for the sheep.

Then when we pass the vale of death,
Though more and more its shade
Around our journey darkeneth,
We will not be afraid,
If thou art with us, and thy rod
And staff console us, Son of God





HYMN FOR WHITSUNDAY.

CREATOR Spirit! come and bless us;
Let thy love and fear possess us;
With thy graces meek and lowly
Purify our spirits wholly.
Paraclete, the name thou bearest,
Gift of God the choicest, dearest,
Love, and fire, and fountain living,
Spiritual unction giving,
Shower thy benedictions seven
From thy majesty in heaven.

Be the Saviour's word unbroken,
Let thy many tongues be spoken;
In our sense thy light be glowing,
Through our souls thy love be flowing;

Cause the carnal heart to perish,
But the strength of virtue cherish,
Till, each enemy repelling,
And thy peace around us dwelling,
We, beneath thy guidance glorious,
Stand o'er every ill victorious.





REVEILLE.

Up ! quit thy bower ; 't is the matin hour ;
The bell swings slow in the windowed tower,
And prayer and psalm, in the soothing calm,
Steal out, by turns, on the air of balm ;
And in solemn awe of a morn so still,
E'en the small birds sing with a voice less shrill.

Up, lady fair ! — 't is the hour of prayer, —
And hie thee forth in the bracing air ;
Now bow the knee, while land and sea
Repose in their bright tranquillity ;
And the sun as pure a lustre throws
As the glorious dawn when he first arose.



SAINT THOMAS.

WHEN from their native Palestine
The twelve spread far and wide,
Alone he went from Salem's shrine
On to the Ganges' side.
The greensward was his dying bed,
And from the crimson sod
His blood, which Brahma's children shed,
Went reeking up to God.

On that foundation, long unsought,
For eighteen hundred years,
A Middleton and Heber wrought,
And their successor rears.
The Church for which his blood was spilt,
How can it be o'erthrown,
On Prophets and Apostles built,
With Christ the Corner-stone ?



SAINT PAUL.

THE holy saints of old,
On God's commission sent,
Their high and heavenly station hold
Above our measurement ;
They shine, each unapproachable,
A constellated star,
And in their glorious beauty dwell,
Companionless, afar.

But let us not forget
That we are kin to these,
Men of like passions, and beset
With like infirmities ;
Nor will their spirits emulous
Our brotherhood contemn ;
As erst they have been one with us,
We may be one with them.

Still round our darkling road
Their heavenly light they shed,
And guide our feet to their abode,
And show where we must tread.
Then let the souls whom Christ sets free,
Ere yet that light be dim,
Be strong, O Paul, to follow thee,
As thou hast followed Him.

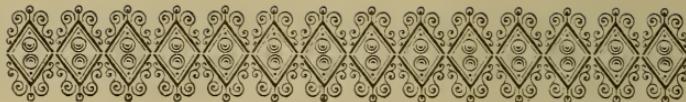




SAINT STEPHEN.

WITH awful dread his murderers shook,
As, radiant and serene,
The lustre of his dying look
Was like an angel's seen,
Or Moses' face of paly light,
When down the mount he trod,
All glowing from the glorious sight
And presence of his God.

To us, with all his constancy,
Be his rapt vision given,
To look above by faith, and see
Revealments bright from heaven,
And power to speak our triumphs out
As our last hour draws near,
While neither clouds of fear nor doubt
Before our view appear.



HYMN FOR SAINT MATTHEW'S DAY.

And as Jesus passed forth, he saw a man named Matthew sitting at the receipt of custom, and he saith unto him, Follow me ; and he arose and followed him.—*Gospel for the Day.*

By Babel's piles, how heavenly fair
To see God's light dispel,
With beams divine, the stifled air
Of Mammon's gloomiest cell !
It cheers the soul that even there
Our holy faith may dwell,
And thrive amid the dreary glare
Of this world's citadel.

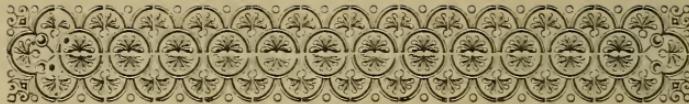
There still the Saviour makes his call,
Drowned though the accents be ;
O "Lord, make Matthews of us all,"
To rise and follow thee ;

HYMN FOR SAINT MATTHEW'S DAY. 281

To leave whate'er we prize as gold ;
Our treasure and our heart
Transfer, where we may safe behold
Earth and her idols part.

Thus, as our feet through labyrinths glide.
O, let thy voice sublime
Be heard above the stunning tide
Of human care and crime ;
And as our busy task is plied
By dusky lane and mart,
Its unction ever there abide
Like music in the heart.



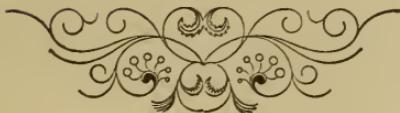


SAINT ANDREW'S DAY.

O SAVIOUR, for whose blessed sake
Saint Andrew left his all,
Beside the Galilean lake,
As soon as Thou didst call ;
Grant us, thy servants, later born,
That grace which led thee first
To bear the cross of shame and scorn,
And to endure the worst.

While skiff, and net, and hempen coil,
The tackle and the oar,
Remind us of their patient toil
The fisher's part who bore,
O, teach us what our work must be,
Their fellowship to win
Who follow them and follow thee,
In holy discipline.

And let no follower come alone,
 But each his kindred bring,
As Andrew did, to see and own
 One common Lord and King;
To count, like him, all gain but loss,
 To tread temptation down,
And, through the triumph of the cross,
 Secure a glorious crown.





SUNDAY-SCHOOL HYMN.

THE sparrow finds a house,
The little bird a nest;
Deep in thy dwelling, Lord, they come,
And fold their young to rest.
And shall *we* be afraid
Our little ones to bring
Within thine ancient altar's shade,
And underneath thy wing ?

There guard them as thine eye,
There keep them without spot,
That when the spoiler passeth by
Destruction touch them not.
There nerve their souls with might,
There nurse them with thy love,
There plume them for their final flight
To blessedness above.



THE UPPER ROOM,

IN WHICH A SUNDAY-SCHOOL WAS KEPT.

THOUGH steep and narrow is the way,
And perilous each stair,
How many little feet to-day
Have safely clambered there !
And thus, whate'er life's trials be,
Still upward may they press,
Till with their angels they shall see
God's face in righteousness.

Here be faith's ladder fixed secure
Whereon their souls may rise,
And make, through Christ, their entrance sure
To mansions in the skies.
And on that day when last are first,
And heaven's high gates draw near,
O, be it theirs to hear the burst
Of welcome, "*Come up here !*"



FLOWERS.

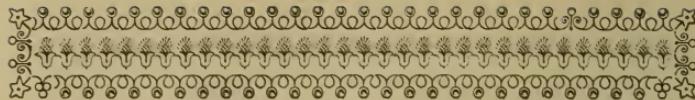
“The lilies of the field, how they grow! ” — *Sermon on the Mount.*

THOU, who hast taught us how to prize
The truths which nature’s fragrant maze,
In glories of unnumbered dyes,
To our enraptured sense conveys,
Be with us in the festal hour,
And, while the clouds of incense swim
In homage from each chaliced flower,
Accept, with these, our grateful hymn.

Amid the city’s stunning din
Thy mute but radiant power we bless,
That, through its dusty depths, pours in
Such gleams of vernal loveliness ;
That here thy odorous blooms impart,
Above all art or man’s device,
A spell to soothe pale Labour’s heart,
As with the airs of paradise.

Nor let the influence rest, till all
The dear delights in Eden nursed,
Recovered from their primal fall,
Like these, shine brightly as at first ;
Till man himself, redeemed from stain,
His heaven-taught work in Christ complete,
And, through ONE GREATER MAN, regain
An entrance to the blissful seat.





HYMN,

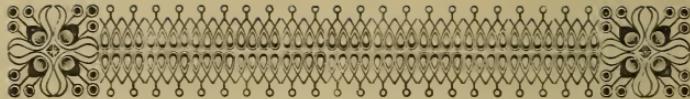
FOR THE CHAPEL OF A LUNATIC HOSPITAL.

THE dearest room of all this pile,
 A pile to mercy dear,
Lord, hallow with thy gladdening smile,
 And grant thy presence here.
To Thee its walls we set apart,
 Who, in our flesh enshrined,
Art pledged to heal the broken heart,
 And feel for human kind.

Be here, our great perpetual Guest,
 O Saviour, night and day,
To give the heavy-laden rest,
 And bear their griefs away.
With that still voice that melts the soul
 In soothing prayer and psalm,
The tumult of our thoughts control
 To thy divinest calm.

Here tune anew the jarring sense,
Life's springs uncoiled rewind,
And garnish for thy residence
The mansions of the mind ;
Ascend, O Son of God, thy throne,
Bow reason to thy sway,
Till in thy light we find our own,
And darkness turned to day !





BAPTISMAL HYMN.^a

LET the infant soldier now
With the hallowed cross be signed ;
Bind the frontlet on his brow
Time and death cannot unbind !
Words of earnest faith and prayer,
Drops of consecrated dew,
They can work a wonder there
Earth's enchantments never knew.

Happy mother ! sealed and blessed,
To your arms your treasure take ;
With the Saviour's mark impressed,
Nurse it for the Saviour's sake.
So the holy work begins,
Ever doing, never done,
Till, redeemed from all our sins,
Heaven's eternal crown be won.

^a The reader should be apprised that this Hymn is not original in thought and sentiment, though the versification is the author's own. It may be considered as a paraphrase of two stanzas of Keble's "Holy Baptism."



CHARITY HYMN.

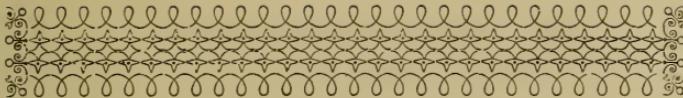
“Freely ye have received, freely give.”

THOU who on earth didst sympathize
With mortal care and fear,
And all the frail and fleshly ties
That man to man endear,
The sorrower’s prayer, the sufferer’s sighs,
Still reach Thy gracious ear.

Though, pierced by many a pang below,
The heart may sorely ache,
Touched with a feeling of our woe,
A bond no time can break,
Thou wilt not leave us, Lord ! we know
Thou never wilt forsake.

Freely Thou givest, and thy word
Is freely to impart ;
And oft as from that law we 've erred
With unfraternal heart,
The deeper let us now be stirred
To be even as Thou art.





ODE,

FOR CHRISTMAS EVE.

GLAD tidings waft once more,
Angels, who hymned of yore
 Messiah's birth ;
Sing, voices of the sky,
As in those times gone by,
Glory to God on high,
 Peace on the earth !

O bright and burning star !
Be not from us afar,
 Distant nor dim ;
Lead our frail feet aright,
Silent, but shining light ;
As on that hallowed night,
 Guide us to Him.

Give thou thy people grace,
Saviour! who seek thy face
 This favoured day.

Incense and odours sweet
May not thy coming greet,
But hearts are at thy feet;
 Turn not away.

For in thy blessed shrine
Each garland we intwine
 Incense shall breathe.
As each before thee lies,
Emblem of souls that rise
Heavenwards, where never dies
 Thy fadeless wreath.





ODE,

FOR THE RE-OPENING OF CHRIST CHURCH, BOSTON.

AWAKE, O Arm divine ! Awake,
Eye of the Only Wise !
For Zion and thy Temple's sake,
Saviour and God, arise !
So shall our hour of gloom be o'er,
And we, a happy throng,
Wake in these hallowed aisles once more
The *breath of sacred song*.
To Thee we 'll lift our grateful voice,
To Thee our offerings bring,
And with a glowing heart rejoice
To hail thee God and King.

God of our fathers ! still be ours ;
Thy gates wide open set,
And fortify the ancient towers
Where thou with them hast met.

Thy guardian fire, thy guiding cloud,
Still let them gild our wall,
Nor be our foes nor thine allowed
To see us faint and fall.
The worship of the glorious past
Swell on from age to age,
And be, while time itself shall last,
Our children's heritage.





SONG OF FAITH.

THE lilyed fields behold ;
What king in his array
Of purple pall and cloth of gold
Shines gorgeously as they ?
Their pomp, however gay,
Is brief, alas ! as bright ;
It lives but for a summer's day,
And withers in a night.

If God so clothe the soil,
And glorify the dust,
Why should the slave of daily toil
His providence distrust ?
Will He, whose love has nursed
The sparrow's brood, do less
For those who seek his kingdom first,
And with it righteousness ?

The birds fly forth at will ;
They neither plough nor sow :
Yet theirs the sheaves that crown the hill,
Or glad the vale below.
While through the realms of air
He guides their trackless way,
Will man, in faithlessness, despair ?
Is he worth less than they ?





PARAPHRASE.

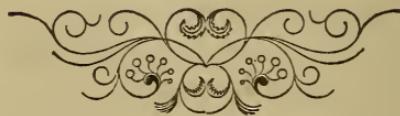
“By their fruits ye shall know them.”

ALL grow not on one common stem,
 But separate and alone,
And by its own peculiar fruit
 The good or ill is known.
How blest are they whom grace inclines
 To bear the grafted good,
So grateful to the longing taste,
 And delicate for food !

A plant set by the river-side,
 It spreadeth out its roots,
And in due season bringeth forth
 Abundantly its fruits.
Its thick and verdant boughs are like
 The goodly cedar-tree,
Whose shadow covereth the hills,
 Whose branches reach the sea.

But God shall dry up from beneath
The wicked and unjust ;
Their root shall be as rottenness,
Their blossoming as dust ;
Their grapes are Sodom's grapes of gall,
And bitter as their sin ;
Their clusters, though all fair without,
Are ashes all within.

The good shall flourish as the branch
Which God for strength hath made ;
Its shady and refreshing leaves
Shall never fall or fade ;
But withered shall the godless be
In premature decay,
And with a fire unquenchable
At last consume away.





THE MISSIONARY.

O, say not that I am unkind
To friends so warm and true;
I weep o'er all I leave behind,
I sigh to bid adieu.

But woe for my eternal lot,
If my untiring love
For Him who died for me, be not
All other things above.

Such is the law of Christ, and such
The Saviour we adore,
I could not love you all so much,
Did I not love Him more.



SUNDAY-SCHOOL HYMN.

“Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not.”

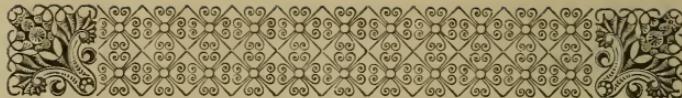
SAVIOUR ! thy precept is not hid,
Nor is thy love forgot ;
We come, whom thou didst not forbid,
And man forbids us not ;
To Thee we come, the Guide that brings
The erring strays of sin
Back from their early wanderings,
Thy fold to enter in.

To us thy heavenly grace impart,
And let the words of truth
Be inly grafted in our heart,
And nurtured in our youth ;
So shall its strong and thrifty shoots
From year to year increase,
And, with thy blessing, yield the fruits
Of righteousness and peace.

O, with the seed thy sowers sow
That timely dew distil
By which we may not only *know*,
But *love* and *do* thy will.
So shall its rooted strength defy
The storms of life, and spring,
With ever-lifted head, on high,
In ceaseless blossoming.

Though feeble is our strength and weak,
Yet do not thou repress
Their near approach who early seek
Thy love and holiness.
O, hear us, as with one accord
Our grateful song we raise ;
And out of children's mouths, O Lord,
Again perfect thy praise.



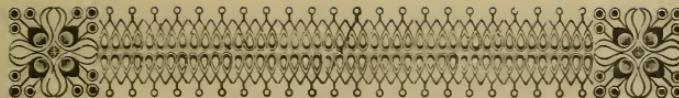


A PRAYER.

WHEN Thou, the vineyard's Visitant,
To look on thy degenerate plant,
 Shalt hither take thy way,
And find it green and flourishing,
Curse not the unproductive thing,
 Nor to the dresser say,—

“ How long shall I, from year to year,
Come seeking heavenly fruitage here,
 And none, alas ! be found ?
In vain it rears its leafy crown
In barren pomp. Cut, cut it down :
 Why cumbereth it the ground ? ”

Lord, listen to my earnest prayer,
And yet a little longer spare
 The blighting of thy frown.
But let the gardener prune and dress,
And dig around its barrenness,
 Before thou cut it down.



TRAVELLER'S HYMN.

"In journeyings often."

LORD ! go with us, and we go
Safely through the weariest length,
Travelling, if thou will'st it so,
 In the greatness of thy strength ;
Through the day, and through the dark,
 O'er the land, and o'er the sea,
Speed the wheel, and steer the bark,
 Bring us where we fain would be.

In the self-controlling car,
 'Mid the engine's iron din,
Waging elemental war,
 Flood without, and fire within,
Through the day, and through the dark,
 O'er the land, and o'er the sea,
Speed the wheel, and steer the bark,
 Bring us where we fain would be.



HYMN,

FOR SISTERS OF MERCY.

LORD, lead the way the Saviour went,
By lane and cell obscure,
And let love's treasures still be spent,
Like His, upon the Poor;
Like Him through scenes of deep distress,
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their crowded loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.

For Thou hast placed us side by side,
In this wide world of ill,
And that thy followers may be tried,
The Poor are with us still.
Mean are all offerings we can make,
But Thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward.



HYMNS OF THE ANCIENT TIME.

“No man having drunk old wine, straightway desireth new; for he saith, The old is better.”

HOROLOGY, OR DIAL OF PRAYER.

Thou who hast put the times and seasons in thine own power:

—*Acts i. 7.*

Grant that we may pray unto thee in a fit and acceptable time.

—*Psalm lxix. 13.*

O SAVIOUR! I would spend the hours
Canonical with Thee,
As tolls the clock from yonder towers
At nine, and twelve, and three;
At primes, and lauds, and matin-bell,
And compline, rise and pray,
And tell my blessed rosary
At the decline of day.

At vespers, and at nocturns late,
 When suns have ceased to shine,
 On my devotion's dial-plate
 Still shed thy light divine ;
 And as the holy vigil yields
 In turn to holy dream,
 O, let my Saviour be through all
 My glory and my theme.

I.

MIDNIGHT HYMN.

At midnight I will rise to give thanks unto thee. — *King David.*

And at midnight Paul and Silas prayed, and sang praises unto God ; and the prisoners heard them. — *Acts of the Holy Apostles.*

THY praises, Lord, at midnight broke
 Through chambers where a monarch woke ;
 Thy midnight praise, with choral swell,
 Rang through the chained Apostles' cell ;
 Alike to thee each place was made,
 In palace or in prison laid ;
 The royal pomps, the grated door,
 The captive and the conqueror.

So grant us, Lord, a song of power
 To charm away the midnight hour ;

In prosperous state be ours to sing
In spirit with the Minstrel King ;
And cheer us, when our hopes are dim,
As with thy servants' dungeon hymn ;
And when our watch, like theirs, is done,
May worlds, without a night, be won.

II.

COCK-CROWING.

And immediately, while he yet spake, the cock crew ; and the Lord turned and looked upon Peter. And Peter remembered the word of the Lord, how he had said unto him, Before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice. And Peter went out and wept bitterly.^a—*Gospel.*

THE Eye that softened as it smote,
While crew the cock, with mighty spell,
Far through the maddening crowd remote,
Upon his shrinking servant fell ;

^a “It appears, from a passage of the Talmud, that domestic fowls were not tolerated in Jerusalem ; and admitting its authority to be indisputable, it will not be difficult to reconcile this fact with the record of the Evangelists. For as the palace of Caiaphas was at no great distance from the suburbs, the crowing of a cock without the walls might be clearly heard in the stillness of the evening. Unusual as it may have been, the scream of an eagle would not have more startled the ear of the apostate Apostle.”—MIDDLETON, *Greek Article*, p. 143.

Then woke the guilty shame within,
 And conscience, which so long had slept ;
 And He alone who knew the sin
 Could know how bitterly he wept.

If, Master, we thy cause betray,
 Oft as the cock repeats its call,
 Turn not thy piercing eye away
 Till we are conscious of our fall.
 Like Peter, let us weep alone
 In sorrow, secret as sincere,
 Till Thou, to whom our griefs are known,
 Shalt dry the penitential tear !

III.

NOONDAY.

Now Jacob's well was there : Jesus, therefore, being wearied with his journey, sat thus on the well, and it was about the sixth hour.^a — *Gospel.*

O THOU, who, in the languid noon,
 By Sychar's well didst open wide
 To wandering eyes a better boon
 Than e'er their fathers' fount supplied ;

^a In the time of our Saviour, the day was divided into twelve hours, equal to each other, but unequal with respect to the different seasons of the year. The sixth, of course, was at all times answerable to noon.

Up, where thy brightest glories burn,
Our fainting souls, at every stage,
For thy celestial succour turn,
In this, our weary pilgrimage !

When, from the sun's meridian glow,
We seek refreshment and repose,
Do Thou thy heavenly gifts bestow,
And all the stores of life unclose ;
Thence, quench the fervid spirit's thirst,
Thence, fill us as with angel's food,
Till, day by day, our souls are nursed
For their divine beatitude.

IV.

ANOTHER FOR NOONDAY.

Peter went up upon the house-top to pray, about the sixth hour ; and he became very hungry, and would have eaten ; but while they made ready, he fell into a trance, and saw heaven opened, and a certain vessel descending unto him, as it had been a great sheet, knit at the four corners, and let down to the earth.
— *Acts of the Apostles.*

THOUGH on the house-top, Lord, unseen,
How oft, at noon, I fain would rise,
Where naught of earth could come between
My lifted spirit and the skies !

But short the conquest over sense ;
 On rapture's wing though high we soar,
 Too soon the fleshly influence
 Resumes its reign, and dreams are o'er.

Yet still the Church, let down to earth,
 Without a trance, 't is ours to see,
 Where, cleansed from stain of mortal birth,
 In Jesus' blood we all may be.
 There may the soul its work complete,
 And with the hosts of men forgiven,
 Enveloped in that mighty sheet,
 Be safely taken up to Heaven.

V.

NINTH HOUR, THREE O'CLOCK P. M.

TIME OF DAILY EVENING SERVICE.

Now Peter and John went up together into the temple at the hour of prayer, being the ninth hour; and a certain man, lame from his mother's womb, was carried, whom they laid daily at the gate of the temple which is called Beautiful, to ask alms of them that entered into the temple.—*Acts of the Apostles.*

How dear to those on God who wait
 The paths which to his dwelling lead !
 And every Christian temple gate,
 Is it not Beautiful indeed ?

For there our holiest joys unfold,
And trains of lovelier graces fill
These lowly courts, than when of old
His sole abode was Zion's Hill.

O, as thou enterest in, be sure
To try the spirit of thy mind ;
Ask if its love to God be pure,
And true its love to humankind.
Bring Faith, and Hope ; and be Thou nigh,
The best and greatest of the three,
Binding in one delightful tie
All heaven and earth, sweet Charity !

VI.

EVENTIDE.

“And Isaac went out to meditate in the field at the eventide ;
and he lifted up his eyes, and saw, and behold, the camels were
coming.”

BENEATH the shade of pensive eve,
By Heaven impelled, the patriarch's mind
Could wander from itself, and leave
The grovelling cares of life behind.

Led by the same almighty love,
When all below is dark and dull,

We still may rise to scenes above,
Where all is bright and beautiful.

Our souls may go as Isaac went,
And find, each eve, a lovelier field
Than e'en the gorgeous Orient
To his enraptured sense could yield.

And while, in meditation sweet,
We seem to breathe a heavenlier air,
All that we most desire to meet
Shall bless our longing vision there.





N O T E S .





NOTES.

THE SONNETS.

These were chiefly the product of the author's pen in 1827-8, while he was editing *The Watchman*. It is not thought necessary to preserve the dates of their several appearances, except where the verse requires the aid of such information for its full comprehension. In the Sonnets and other poems, quotations from other poets are often indicated by italics, as preferable, in such cases, to the ordinary marks. For minute information with respect to the poet and his works the reader is referred to the "Memoir of the late Rev. Wm. Croswell, D. D., by his Father," published by the Appletons, New York, 1853.

THE FIFTH SONNET.—Page 7.

The warm missionary and philanthropic spirit of the author is beautifully exhibited in this Sonnet, in which the ordination of the Rev. Jacob Oson, a coloured man, as the first missionary to Liberia, is celebrated. It was written in 1827. See the twenty-ninth Sonnet.

THE SIXTH SONNET.—Page 8.

The labors of the Rev. Mr. Breck, and others, among the Indians of Wisconsin, seem to be here anticipated, by the fervent spirit of Croswell.

THE NINTH SONNET.—Page 11.

This Sonnet was suggested by Dunlap's picture, which at the time attracted considerable attention. This painting lacks originality, but is a composition of some merit.

THE TWELFTH SONNET.—Page 14.

This Sonnet was originally published as an imitation of the *antique*, and in the old orthography. This is a natural resource sometimes in setting forth thoughts quaintly conceived, and to which the ancient spelling seems to add something, by suggesting the epoch in the spirit of which the author writes; but as it is generally felt to be a blemish, or an affectation, and nothing is sacrificed in consequence, the modern spelling is here restored.

THE TWENTY-FOURTH SONNET.—Page 26.

Addressed to Mrs. Sigourney, as see the Memoir.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH SONNET.—Page 27.

This was the first of the Sonnets, and it appeared in the first number of *The Watchman*, March 26, 1827.

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH SONNET.—Page 29.

The Rev. Henry J. Feltus, D. D., Rector of St. Stephens, New York, was the subject of these beautiful verses. He died, aged 53, in 1828.

THE TWENTY-EIGHTH SONNET.—Page 30.

The lamented Governor of Liberia, J. Ashmun, Esq., died at New Haven, August 25, 1828. The Sonnet relates a real incident; his mother having reached New Haven ignorant of his decease, entered the church, as here described, during the funeral services.

THE TWENTY-NINTH SONNET.—Page 31.

The Rev. Jacob Oson (of whom see the Fifth Sonnet) sickened and died before he could embark for Liberia, to which port he was the first missionary ordained and commissioned. His dying prayers that GOD would raise up other labourers for the land of his forefathers have been answered, by GOD's goodness, and who shall say that he was ordained in vain?

THE THIRTIETH SONNET.—Page 32.

Bishop Doane was consecrated to the Episcopate of New Jersey, in St. Paul's Chapel, New York, October 31, 1832. On this occasion Croswell was very near his friend, and, all unconsciously, the editor of these poems was at the side of Croswell; for the crowd being immense, and pressing upon the chancel, the writer, then a boy of fourteen, was pushed so far forward as to be close to the venerable Bishop White, when he, with the assisting prelates, laid hands on the four who received the Episcopate that day.

THE THIRTY-THIRD SONNET.—Page 35.

This Sonnet has all the beauty of a mosaic, and everybody will at once recognize one of the little cherubs in the Sistine Madonna, now in the gallery at Dresden.

THE THIRTY-FOURTH SONNET.—Page 36.

The death of the Rev. Abiel Carter, Rector of Christ Church, Savannah, seems to have suggested this Sonnet; so prophetical of the poet's own demise.

THE ROBIN'S NEST.—Page 45.

This little poem was written at Auburn, and the author gives this account of it: "A pair of robins have made our mornings lively all this Spring with their cheerful notes. A few days since the female was missing (our cat probably best knows how) and it has been perfectly distressing to hear the perpetual lament of the survivor." His letters and poems written at Auburn generally betray a pensive, though never a repining spirit, and it cannot be doubted that his residence in that place was a sort of exile, which he felt severely, though he made the best of it, as he did of everything.

A NIGHT THOUGHT.—Page 47.

An example of the poet's readiness to cast into a novel and original form something read elsewhere. This is a mere rhyming (and condensation) of Young's apostrophe.

GREECE.—Page 48.

This poem seems to have reference to the founding of the Mission at Athens, under the Rev. J. H. Hill, D. D., who, for thirty years, has been doing a work for Greece which, by the blessing of GOD, will in the end regenerate that ancient seat of poetry and heroism. What Wiclit did for England, when he translated the Scriptures, has been virtually done for Greece by this patient and faithful missionary. Its Ridleys and Latimers will come hereafter.

THE SYNAGOGUE.—Page 51.

This was written January 2, 1832, and seldom has an American poet produced anything of the lighter kind which can equal it for the undoubted tokens of poetical inspiration and the power of poetical expression. How many have gone, with curious eyes, into the Jewish Synagogues of our cities; but how few have been able to invest the scene with such Oriental beauty, and to derive from it such deep impressions of Divine Truth, and of the Evangelical blessings yet in store for Israel!

AFRICA.—Page 59.

This poem is another evidence of the great heart for missionary enterprise which the author had in him, long before others were awakened to a spirit for missions,—which is the spirit of all that is good, including civilization and letters. It was written in 1828.

SOUTH-SEA MISSIONARIES.—Page 61.

This also was written in 1828. It proves how deeply he could sympathize in the good done by others, for it celebrates a mission undertaken and carried out to glorious ends by our Christian brethren of the Congregational Board. Doubtless it would have rejoiced the heart of Dr. Croswell had he foreseen the action of our own Board of Missions, at New Haven, in October, 1860, establishing a mission in the Sandwich Islands, which we may believe is destined to teach the Islanders “the way of God more perfectly,” and to carry on the work among the myriad isles of the South Pacific.

THE MEETING OF THE TRIBES.—Page 64.

This is supposed to celebrate the opening of the Gen-

eral Convention of the American Church, in Philadelphia, October, 1835. It is framed in the spirit of "an Israelite indeed," the idioms of Palestine being accommodated to America. "The Lion of Judah" is supposed to refer to Bishop Doane, and nobody can fail to perceive Bishop White in "the aged High-Priest." There is a reference, too, to the work of Western Missions undertaken at this convention, by the appointment of a Missionary Bishop, now the venerable Bishop of Wisconsin.

The application to modern dignitaries of Hebrew epithets, now almost wholly restricted to the Redeemer, is infelicitous; but is involved in the very nature of the conception, if it be resolved to carry out into details the analogies between the modern and the ancient Israel of God.

THE MISSIONARY'S FAREWELL.—Page 66.

It is presumed by the author's father that these verses may be those presented to Bishop Boone, on the occasion of his sailing for China (as a presbyter) in 1837.

THE ORDINAL.—Page 69.

This poem contains the poet's recollections of his own ordination to the deaconate, in Trinity Church, New Haven, St. Paul's Day, 1828, by Bishop Brownell. The monument of Bishop Jarvis, near the chancel, is referred to in the fourth stanza.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ST. PAUL'S DAY.—Page 72.

In Christ Church, Boston, in holy meditation on the event celebrated in the verses on "the Ordinal," the author produced this poem. In a letter to his father, he says of the expected anniversary: "Next Sunday, St.

Paul's Day, is the anniversary of my being set apart to the ministry, six years ago; an interval that seems like a dream, but full of the momentous items upon which stands our account for eternity. Let me have the benefit of your especial prayer on the noon of that day, and let our spirits meet before the throne of grace."

CHRIST CHURCH.—Pages 74, 77.

In these poems the author enumerates some of those things which were the charms of his appointed place, and to which his references are frequent in his poetry. In particular he loved it for its fidelity to *the truth*, during a long century which had seen the Calvinistic congregations of Boston declining into the secondary and tertiary stages of Puritanism, and denying the Atonement and the Trinity. The power to maintain an unchanging faith from age to age he regarded as given only to the Apostolic Church, though no one more cheerfully than he recognized and loved the Christian graces of thousands of individuals who belong to other communions.

Long after his connection with this old church had ceased, he took me to see it. As we stood together in its solemn aisles he narrated to me many anecdotes of its past, and incidentally owned, that, while he was rector, he often passed hours of the night within its walls, in prayer for himself and others, and in sacred meditation. He then asked me to go out and look at the spire from the neighbouring churchyard, and while I did so the bells began to play a favourite psalm-tune. Returning, I found him handling the keys, with the musical score before him, which he had copied and brought with him from home in order to give me this surprise. The almost childlike delight he

seemed to take in thus awakening the old bells, gave him a beauty, as he stood playing, which I cannot soon forget. He then climbed with me to see the bells, and to take the surrounding view from the tower.

CHRISTMAS EVENING PASTORAL.—Page 79.

A lively description of the scene in Christ Church, when it is decorated for the feast of Christmas! The “angelic row” over the organ-loft (here poetically changed into the *rood-loft*), will be remembered by those who have visited the church as quite an important part of the old fabric. The little figures are set round the organ (with red cheeks, and not very ethereal features), blowing and chanting with all their might.

ST. JOHN BAPTIST'S DAY.—Page 83.

These verses were written in the vestry of Christ Church (on the anniversary of his Institution) in the solemn prospect of retirement from that beloved charge. The allusions throughout may be better understood by referring to the “Office of Institution,” in the Prayer-book.

Dr. Croswell's sensitive feelings had been deeply wounded by occurrences in the parish, and he had resigned the rectorship, in the truly primitive resolve rather to suffer wrong than to avenge himself. He felt it to be the privilege of a Christian priest to forgive what the world would resent.

FROM THE ANTIQUE.—Page 86.

In this poem we have an instance of Croswell's fondness for that peculiar face which the old orthography puts on a poetical production. It is a beautiful *rebus* of

his family name, with which he amused himself by sending it to his father (as if it were taken from some old black-letter volume) with the inquiry,—“ By what art do you think I have recovered it? ”

TO MY FATHER.—Page 88.

To the old friends of Dr. Croswell, the Senior, these verses will supply the place of a portrait. He was one of the noblest looking old men that the editor remembers to have seen,—erect, of commanding height, of dignified address, with a patriarchal sweetness of expression which would have made him a man of mark among thousands of his brethren.

EPITHALAMIUM.—Page 92.

Written in anticipation of his own marriage. He was married to Amanda, daughter of Silas P. Tarbell, Esq., October 1, 1840. The second stanza is an acknowledged versification of Jeremy Taylor’s beautiful peroration in his sermon on “The Marriage Ring.”

LONELINESS.—Page 99.

One is often lonely in a crowd; and it is worthy of note that this tribute to a romantic and holy friendship was written on the noisy anniversary, July 4, 1833. He broke away from some of its festive scenes, and produced it in his retirement.

STANZAS.—Page 104.

The death of Col. Putnam, of Brooklyn, in Connecticut, in 1831, inspired these stanzas. He was a son of Gen. Putnam of Revolutionary memory; and his daughters, Mrs. Grosvenor and Mrs. Sumner, of Hartford, were

always among the poet's most cherished friends and correspondents. It is almost needless to say that among the ladies mentioned in the Memoir, as adding to the attractions of Hartford, in 1827 - 8, these sisters were conspicuous.

IN MEMORY OF D. W.—Page 106.

Daniel Whiting, one of the poet's classmates, died in 1832. He seems to have loved him dearly. The words in italics are quoted from the Prayer-book, and by the play on the word *haven*, New Haven is indicated as the fair city which he so extols.

TO MY NAMESAKE.—Page 108.

The Rev. William Croswell Doane, now Rector of St. Mary's, Burlington, in New Jersey. The stanzas are dated, Boston, Whitsun-Tuesday, June 12, 1832. The editor well remembers the mingling of paternal pride and delighted friendship with which Bishop Doane read them to him, when he was visiting the Bishop, at Riverside, several years afterwards.

TO A FRIEND.—Page 110.

Addressed to Joseph P. Couthoy, Esq., embarking for the Mediterranean, in 1833.

TO MY GODSON.—Page 111.

Addressed to W. C. D. aged three years, March 2, 1834. The beautiful lines of W. C. D. in response, dated July 31, 1851, may be seen in Dr. Croswell's Memoir, by his father, p. 137.

LAMENT.—Page 113.

The Rev. Dr. Montgomery, Rector of St. Stephen's,

Philadelphia, died March 16, 1834. The poet says of these verses: "They seemed to arrange themselves almost spontaneously, and have received little or no correction."

TO THE REV. DR. COIT.—Page 115.

These stanzas are dated March 1, 1835. Dr. Croswell adopts the reading "*thirsty arms*," now generally discarded for *thirty*. The river Trent is said to receive its name from its *thirty* branches. Warton says there were said to be also *thirty* religious houses along its banks, and as many varieties of fish in its waters.

ELEGIAC.—Page 117.

The Rev. Benjamin Davis Winslow, a young divine and poet of high promise, died at Burlington, in November, 1839. See Croswell's Memoir, p. 231. His poems should be collected and published.

BISHOP WHITE.—Page 119.

These stanzas seem to commemorate the scene in St. Paul's Chapel, New York, when the four bishops were consecrated, Oct. 31, 1832. See above, note on the Thirtieth Sonnet.

BISHOP GRISWOLD.—Page 121.

This tribute to Bishop Griswold, followed by another to Bishop Hobart, reminds the editor that these two prelates were consecrated to the Episcopate, kneeling side by side, in 1811. How unconsciously Croswell paints his own portrait in the tributes he offers to departed friends! How large his heart, and how superior to party; appreciating alike Bishop Griswold and Bishop Hobart, different as

they were, and claimed though they are by different schools in the Church.

LINES.—Page 124.

The Rectory and Church of St. Peter's, Auburn, are here accurately described. That justly distinguished prelate, Bishop Hobart, died there, while on a visitation of his diocese, September 12, 1830. These stanzas, beautifully engrossed and illuminated, and handsomely framed, were hanging on the wall of the parsonage a few years ago, when I visited it, in the drawing-room of the worthy clergyman who had succeeded to the rectorship.

MEMORIAL.—Page 127.

This memorial was written in the Rectory of St. Peter's, Auburn, August 27, 1840. I well remember the Rev. William Lucas, whom it celebrates, as a man of pleasing manners, and a clergyman of pure and consistent character.

AD AMICUM.—Page 128.

Addressed to the poet's schoolfellow and friend of youth, Henry Edward Peck, Esq., (March 12, 1846,) on hearing of his affliction in the loss of his eldest son. Croswell had officiated as groomsman at Mr. Peck's marriage.

STANZAS.—Page 131.

These stanzas (the last written in the Rectory at Auburn) were occasioned by the death of the Rev. E. G. Prescott, which occurred at sea, April 11, 1844. In a letter, the poet thus expresses himself: "Prescott's death shocked me greatly. We were intimate and nearly of the same age; and *I have some similar warnings to remind me that the house of my tabernacle is not too strong to be dissolved.*"

TO A CHILD.—Page 135.

The “little musical prodigy” to whom these lines were addressed is more fully spoken of in Dr. Croswell’s “*Memoir*,” p. 99; where may be found a very characteristic letter, richly illustrative of the poet’s happy way of dealing with children.

HOME.—Page 141.

This is one of the author’s earliest productions. The two following poems are also of a domestic character, and one of them, if not both, belong to his *Juvenilia*.

NEW YEAR THOUGHTS.—Page 148.

From “the first rough draft, among loose manuscripts, without any date,” first published by Dr. Croswell, Senior, in “The Memoir.” The “New Year’s Thoughts,” on p. 152, were a contribution to the columns of a friend’s newspaper, January 1, 1842.

VALENTINE.—Page 157.

For the playful history of what the poet calls his “Silly Valentines,” the reader who takes an interest in such literature is referred to the “*Memoir*” by Dr. Croswell, Senior, pp. 161, 162, etc.

THE CHAPEL-BELL.—Page 161.

The last stanza in this sportive little college satire is credited by the author as follows:—

“Ithuriel’s whisper in the breakfast bell.” — *N. P. Willis*.

But *query* this word *whisper*? The poem is dated February, 1820, “and the author pretends to ascribe it to ‘Mister Peter Pattieson, a late lamented classmate,’ adding, ‘The Rowley papers are not more genuine.’ ”

AN APOLOGY.—Page 165.

A projecting rock in the hills, near Greenfield, in Massachusetts, is known as “the poet’s seat,” and a little hollow in said rock is called “the poet’s inkstand.” Visiting this rock, in 1849, with some of his friends, the ladies of the party enthroned the poet accordingly, and called on him for an effusion of verse. This Apology is the result; but the rock should ever, hereafter, be sacred to the memory of Croswell.

ARCHITECTURAL.—Page 166.

In this, and other satirical verses, if the author seems to be severe on others, it must be borne in mind, that in “the Convocation Poem” he is far more so on the inconsistencies of his own co-religionists. In neither instance is “aught set down in malice;” but material for sober reflection is supplied in both, albeit under a sportive mask.

THE OLD NORTH COCK.—Page 170.

Of this *jeu d'esprit* Dr. Croswell, Senior, says, “It refers to the weathercock on the spire of the place of worship at the North End, in Boston, then occupied by a Unitarian society.” Apparently, it was one of the many, in that city, which have “met with a change” from Calvinism to the views of Priestley and others.

NEW HAVEN.—Page 172.

This is the mere fragment of a college satire, in which there is, nevertheless, much beauty. It is a picture of the “City of Elms,” and of Yale College, which cannot be read without pleasure by any one who has visited it.

Trinity Church — of which the author's father was rector — is very felicitously introduced; as also is the allusion to its material, in contrast with the brick and timber *meeting-houses* of New-England, where stone churches, as well as pointed windows, were for a long time identified with "Episcopacy."

The editor cannot but direct attention to the poetic license in the last stanza, in which New Haven is celebrated as the *native* place of the author. In a classic poet, how many theories such a liberty would have suggested to critics anxious to reconcile it with known facts!

LAKE OWASCO.—Page 176.

This beautiful lake, near Auburn, is gracefully celebrated in these stanzas, — first for its natural charms, and then for the dignity it was supposed to derive from the residence on its banks of several eminent public men. But in the third stanza the poet pays a warmer tribute to a young gentleman, Mr. Myers, a parishioner of St. Peters, and the Superintendent of its Sunday School, who had wrought up into a creditable poem the Indian legend "Ensenore," which he associates with the lake.

The editor cannot forbear to say that this lake was the scene of some of the most cheerful of his own sports in early youth, and that these stanzas are peculiarly pleasing to him by the pleasant images they recall of bygone days.

ALBANY.—Page 178.

Lord Byron speaks of "Albany, *near Washington*," evidently mistaking some reference to its Capitol, or State-House. Lest anybody should not know that Albany is

the capital of the State of New York, it may be proper to say that the allusions of the poem are only intelligible to those who understand that fact, and the local traditions and histories therewith connected.

PSALMS.—Page 202.

These specimens of a projected Metrical Version of the Psalter are dated “St. Peter’s Parsonage, Auburn, 1840.”

VIGIL OF THE CIRCUMCISION.—Page 214.

Written apparently in 1828, when it appeared in *The Watchman*.

HYMN FOR WHITSUNDAY.—Page 223.

From the Latin of St. Ambrose.

FLOWERS.—Page 236.

Written for “the dedication of the Hall of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society,” in 1845.

TRAVELLER’S HYMN.—Page 255.

This beautiful hymn (incorrectly printed in Dr. Croswell’s volume) was first published in 1833. Something like it occurs in the poet’s letter to his father, after his voyage on the Long Island Sound, in 1826, when steamers were a novelty. “I felt grateful to Him who is the Preserver, as well as the Maker of men,” he says, “for the tremendous and incessant rumble of the engine made me aware of my own insignificance, and of the awful agency within whose reach I lay. I could hear the waves gush and gurgle against the side of the boat.”

These early impressions may have had their effect in producing the hymn, but the editor is under the impres-

sion that it was written on the journey from Boston to New York, when the poet was going to attend the consecration of his friend Dr. Doane. The late Bishop Wainwright greatly admired this hymn, and marvelled at the facility with which it was produced,—for, unless the editor is mistaken, he was with the poet at the time. In 1850 the editor travelled with Croswell, and while they were together in Washington, obtained from him a copy of these verses in his own handwriting. At the same time he learned the history of its composition. In the following year, during two Atlantic voyages, he derived great pleasure from often repeating it to himself, amid the noise of the machinery and the tumult of the storm.

HYMN.—Page 256.

This was written in 1831, for the Howard Benevolent Society of Boston. The editor has ventured to give it a name suited to the present state of the Church, in which deaconesses and Sisters of Mercy are among other realizations of the poet's ardent hopes. Perhaps we owe them to his faithful prayers.

HOROLOGY.—Page 257.

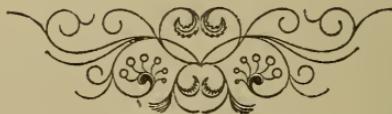
This series of hymns was begun in 1834; a very important fact to those who would form a correct estimate of Dr. Croswell's character as a divine. Long before the "Oxford Movement" was known or heard of in America, his mind had received its cast from the old doctors of Anglican Theology, and it was never changed.

The lines,

"And tell my blessed rosary,
At the decline of day,"

might justly give offence to any one who should not per-

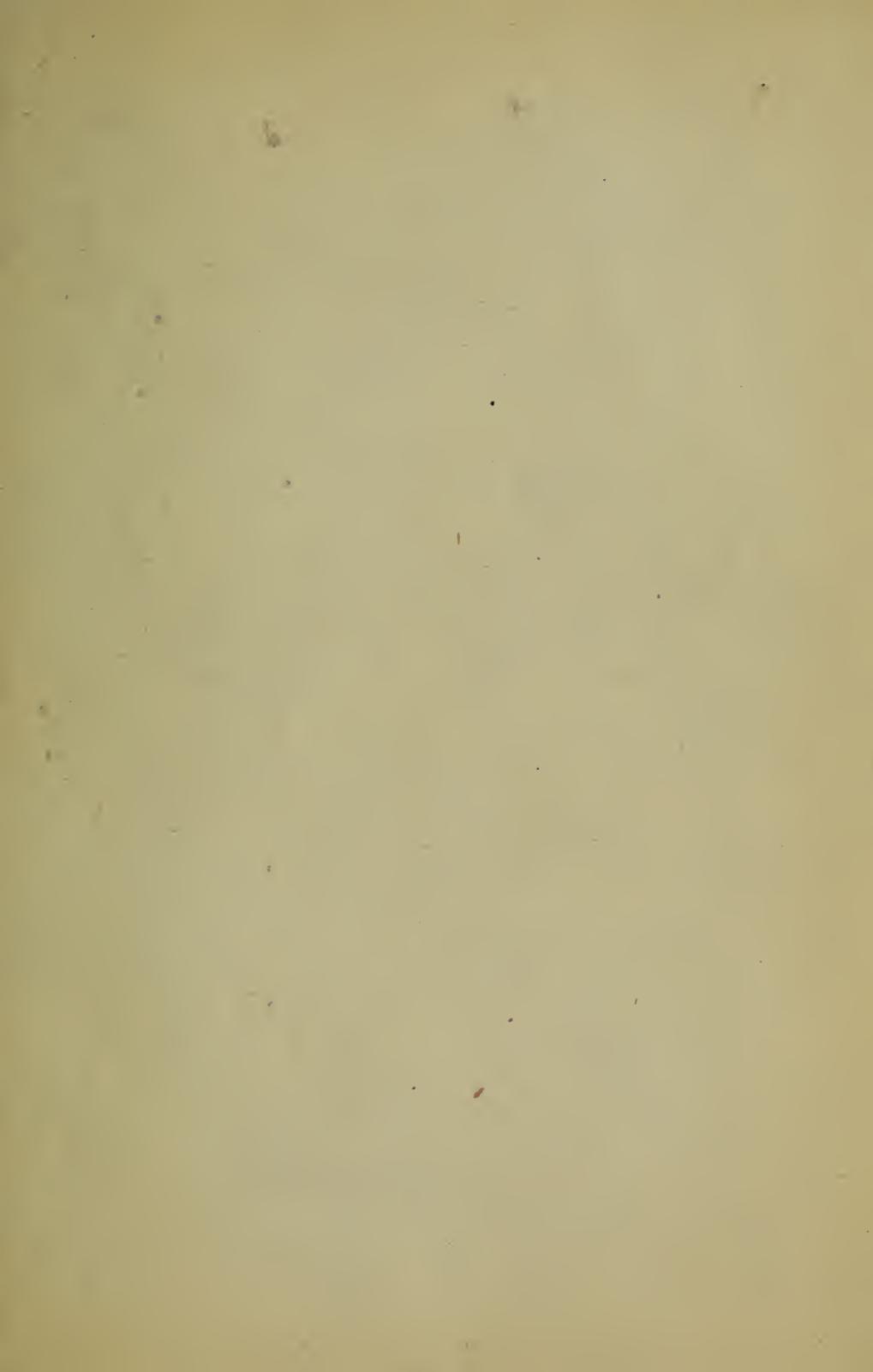
ceive that the word *rosary* is here used by a poetical license only, or as contrasting a *blessed* system of prayer with a superstitious one. Since these hymns were written, the reactionary follies of certain perverts have made such words less tolerable; but nobody could have dreamed in 1834 that any rational being would ever betake himself to beads and *aves!* It is curious to observe in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* that Sir Walter Scott uses architectural terms merely for their beauty, as the word "rosary" is introduced here. He little dreamed of the revival of Art which has made ridiculous, for glaring inaccuracy, terms which, when he wrote, were simply sounding decorations of his verse. Sir Walter created a taste for architectural study which has made his comparative knowledge look very much like ignorance.



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